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After the Ball.

Anything the Knights of Pythias in this town lend their hands to results in a general success, and the masquerade ball given by them in Clever's Hall, on Christmas Eve, was no exception. It was the first of the kind ever given in New Denver, and the sight was as pleasant to the eye as the affair was to the participants. Upwards of 30 couples joined in the hilarity, and the costumes ranged from a "Weary William" to a mediæval knight in very red but shapely nether extremities. Two of the ladies honored THE LEDGE by costumes representing the leading paper of New Denver, but the little fairy in white carried off the honors. Silverton and the other neighboring burgs came out in force and the good folk went home satisfied The Millward orchestra sustained their well-earned reputation, and furnished a program of 38 numbers. C. E. Smitheringale acted as floor manager, and Mine Host Stege furnished the supper. C. F. Nelson, the retiring Chancellor Commander, was "surprised" during the proceedings by being presented with a complimentary address and a Past Chancellor jewel by his brother Knights, to which he fittingly responded. The affair wound up at 3:45 with Auld Lang Syne.

Following is a partial list of the costumes, a complete list being out of the question:

LADIES.

Mrs. Nesbitt, LEDGE.
Mrs. Hoyt, LEDGE.
Mrs. H. Nelson, Midnight.
Miss Purviance, Fairy Queen.
Mrs. Stege, Carnation Pink.
Miss Harris, Scotch Lassie.
Miss Andrews, Jewess.
Mrs. Shannon, School Girl.
Miss Todd, School Girl.
Miss Young, Ghost.
Miss Bartlett, Red Cross Nurse.
Miss Mary Bartlett, Red Riding Hood.
Mrs. Clement, Nun.
Mrs. DeMeris, Flower Girl.

GENTLEMEN.

W. W. Bouch, 12th Century Knight.
C. M. Nesbitt, Irish Washerwoman.
Ed. Angrignon, Gentleman.
John Todd, Dude.
John Angrignon, Fat Man.
C. Heinze, Weary Walker.
J. McIntosh, Dusty Roads.
E. Brindle, 16th Century Gentleman.
J. English, Sergt. N.W.M.P.
C. Greenlee, Highlander.
Mr. Brown, Coy Young Maiden.
P. Lindquist, Pythian M. at A
A. McGillivray, Man-o'-Wars Man.
E. Shannon, Senator.
H. Stege, Senator.
Mr. Lipscher, Officer U.R. K. of P.
Mr. Jorand, Guy.
Mr. Jefferson' King of Hearts.
J. H. McKay, Big Baby.
Grant Thorburn, School Girl.
I. Powers, Gentleman Dude.
Mr. McDonell, Gentleman Farmer.
W. J. Spaul, Snow-Shoer.
J. Aylwin, Miner.
D. Walker, Miner.

GIFT TREE TO THE CHILDREN.

The good people of the Presbyterian church have determined upon giving the children of the town a gift tree and entertainment, in their commodious edifice on Sixth street, on New Year's night. They have collected a goodly sum towards defraying the expense of providing a litile token of this gladsome season for each and every child, and a capital program has been gotten up under the direction of Mrs. Millward. No admittance fee will be charged and everyone is cordially invited. The fun will begin at 7:30 o'clock, so come along and bring your youngsters.

THE PIONEERS' CHRISTMAS.

William McKinnon, of Silverton, who was in the city this week, discussing his first Christmas in the Slocan with Neil Gething, both of whom, with George Anderson, were members of the party that camped on Carpenter creek during the winter of '91-'92. They took dinner with George Long, Jap King and Ben Anderson, who occupied one of the adjoining tents that went to make up the canvass town. The principle dish was plum duff, but while both gentlemen were willing to admit that it was good, neither was ready to assert positively what it was made of. They were certain that there were no plums in the camp but knew that there were plenty of beans, and it was the general practice to substitute the latter for anything of which they happened to be short. However, it was good, and they were ready to pronounce their first Christmas dinner in the Slocan a success.

George Henderson said that he had a very distinct recollection of his first Christmas dinner in the Slocan. He was a member of the Carpenter creek party, which was joined late in December, '91, by old Joe Montgomery. Among the delicacies in Joe's outfit of grub which he had prevented from freezing was a half sack of potatoes, and Mr. Henderson succeeded in panhandling the old man out of two of these. He declared that he never tasted anything so delicious in his life and he would not have swapped them for the finest plum pudding that was ever made.—Slocan Pioneer.

Premiers as Promoters.

In New Zealand, as in British Columbia, attention has been attracted to the undesirable position of members of the Government, as Cabinet ministers and company directors. During the debate on the budget speech, Mr. Rolleston, formerly leader of the Opposition, moved an amendment to the effect that it is inconsistent with the principles which should guide the admirers of labor in public affairs that ministers of the Crown should hold positions as directors and advisers of syndicates and companies carrying on business which is likely to bring them into relation with departments. This amendment was chiefly aimed at the Premier, who is a member of the advisory board of the Anglo-Continental Gold Syndicate, and he at once intimated he would treat it as a direct want of confidence in the Government. After a long and bitter debate, the amendment was negatived by a majority of six.

Several Government supporters voted for the amendment, and thereby condemned their leader. This provoked the Minister of Lands to congratulate the Opposition on the acquisition of the four members from the Government side of the House who voted for the amendment respecting the undesirability of ministers being connected with public companies. He further intimated that the Government was pleased to get rid of them, and said the party was now clensed of impurity.

Commenting on this debate, the Sydney Daily Telegraph says:

"An amendment moved in the New Zealand House of Representatives the other day, which, although defeated, secured a considerable number of votes, including several from the Ministerial side of the House, was to the effect that ministers should not be connected with public companies. If this affirmation had been made under other circumstances—if it had not had a party purpose or flavor—there is little doubt that it would have been carried by an overwhelming majority. There has been a great deal of discredit cast upon New Zealand politics, with or without reason, of late, owing to rumors and allegations concerning the participation of ministers of the Crown in private dealings, whereby the public interest was supposed to have suffered. In the course of the financial debate just concluded, a great deal of the Treasurer's speech was taken up in disproving the charge implied by the amendment, that he and the Minister of Lands had been guilty of fraud. He was under the necessity, evidently, of explaining at length his connection with the Anglo-Continental Syndicate, and declaring that the sole duty of the Advisory Board, of which he was a member, was to deal with matters in dispute between the local management and the London beard. This is, at best, a waste of public time which should not have been incurred, while at worst it may leave room for a suspicion that there may have been substantial grounds for allegations and rumors which have an injurious influence on the public mind. Ministers who undertake the work attendant upon the proper management of a department have as much to do as they can be expected to attend to. They are remarkably well paid for their services, and should regard it as a point of honor to avoid entering into business relationships which might even seem to be inconsistent with the impartial discharge of their public duties. The enemies of a government should not be given the excellent opening for inuendo which the connection of any of its members with syndicates having local business interests to look after, affords."

Mayor Manly Sued for $100,000.

A suit has been commenced against Mr. John A. Manly, Mayor of Grand Forks, to recover $100,000 damages and a one-sixteenth interest in the Volcanic and Wolverine mines, situated on the North Fork of Kettle River, and about 12 miles from Grand Forks. The plaintiff in the case is Mr. R. A. Brown, the locator of the Volcanic and Wolverine mineral claims. The writ alleges that about a year ago, Mr. Manly introduced to Mr. Brown two men, named Neils Larson and Edward Blewett, claiming that they were men of very large capital and experienced in mining affairs. He shortly afterwards introduced to Mr. Brown Messrs. W. Shope and H. W. Treat. The plaintiff subsequently entered into a contract with these four men to organize the Olive Mining Company, with a capital stock of $20,000,000. The four men introduced by Mayor Manly were to receive stock in the Company (presumably $2,000,000 each) provided they performed certain development work, and erected reduction works. Manly is supposed to have received a one-sixteenth interest in the Company for introducing the Eastern millionaires. A year has elapsed since the contract referred to was made, but Mr. Manly's friends have failed to carry out their part of the bargain, and Mr. Manly is now sued for damages, arising, so it is alleged, out of misrepresentation.

In 1898... THE LEDGE wishes

That—

The B. C. Government will be thrown over the dump and one of worth installed where it now exists.

All the thugs, horse thieves, deadbeats and villains who do not pay the printer will go to Hades and camp there.

The brave pilgrims who will advance to the Klondike will be enabled to come back with their hair full of yellow metal.

Every old Slocan trail blazer will strike so much prosperity that it will make his eyes bulge out like the sides of an editor's purse.

That—

The world will have enough to eat and plenty of time to read New Denver's leading paper.

The millenium will turn up before summer is over.

The editor will have money to hang on the wall all the same as chromos.

All the earth and the Klondike a happy and delicious time in the newest year of the age.

Everyone will dig up $2 for this journal, smilingly, and without malice.

A CHINESE KLONDIKE.

The present rush to the Klondike gold fields revives interest in the diggings in the Sheltuga Valley, whose reputed wealth caused many adventurers to plunge into the little-known regions of Manchuria. A German-Russian paper, the Tageblatt, Riga, relates how these gold fields were discovered, and why the world suddenly failed to hear any more about them. The Russian Government, we are told, did not like the establishment of a "republic" which attracted Russian digger. We take the following from our contemporary's account:—

"In 1883 a Russian prospector discovered gold in the Sheltuga Valley in Northern Manchuria. He told an engineer named Lebedkin of his discovery, and the latter started with a party of workmen to exploit the rich mines. He was, however, an intemperate man, and died of alcoholism. The men, left to themselves, began to work the mines on their own account. The news of the wealth of Sheltuga soon was told in the countries watered by the Amur and in Transbaikalia, and thousands of men started for the new Eldorado. Among them were adventurers from all parts of the world—Americans, Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen—altogether some 12,000 men gathered there in 1895, among them about 509 Chinese. Drunkenness, immorality, robbery, and murder reigned supreme At last the diggers got tired of anarchy, and elected an energetic, honest, but very strict man as their head, forming a little republic for the purpose. The gold-bearing country was divided into five districts; for each the newly elected dictator appointed a chief. His laws were extremely draconic. Theft was punished by 500 blows with a cat-o'-nine-tails studded with nails—hence the culprit always died under the lash. Men caught importing lewd women received 400 blows with a cane. Two hundred blows were administered for disturbing the camp at night, 100 blows for drunkenness. Thirty men were hanged at the dictator's orders on the first day of his term, and for two weeks the cat-o'-nine-tails never rested. After that the camp was as orderly as a Sunday school picnic. All those who felt that a community where order is maintained did not suit them left for pastures new, and there was every hope that the little republic would prosper. But the Russian Government did not like it. The Russian workmen ran away from the Government mines, and the Government did not receive its usual amount of precious metals. Russia, therefore, induced the Chinese Government to break up the republic, which had been established without the knowledge and consent of the mandarins. A force of 2,000 horsemen and 1,000 infantry, with two guns, was sent to the Sheltuga Valley. The diggers would not leave, a battle took place, and the adventurers were killed almost to a man. Only 27 escaped. Five hundred Chinese were left to garrison the place, and the Sheltuga gold is now dug by the almond-eyed subjects of the 'Son of Heaven' only."

Moccasins For His Dogs.

A gentleman who has been engaged in freighting in the interior of Alaska for a number of years with dog teams, informs the Nanaimo Review that it is absolutely necessary to have moccasins for the feet of the canines to protect them from the snow and ice. The gentleman referred to is preparing to run a freighting outfit through to Fort McKinney in a short time, and besides moccasins for the feet of his dogs, he has large fur robes for them to sleep in. The gentleman treats his canine friends and servants as if they were human beings, and they show their appreciation of such treatment.

CHARGED WITH MANSLAUGHTER.

The case of the man, Albert Aston, who was found badly frozen at South Fork a week ago, and died shortly afterward, has developed into a case for the courts by the verdict of the coroner's jury. This verdict was to the effect that Ashton came to his death by exposure, aggravated by assault at the hands of Charles Borene, proprietor of the Victoria hotel at Whitewater.

The evidence before the coroner's jury went to show that Ashton was owing the hotel for board, and that just before leaving there had been a rough and tumble fight between him and the proprietor, which had been carried out into the snow. Ashton after the row started off with a companion to walk to Kaslo. A post mortem examination did not reveal any sign of internal injury.

Borene's bail was fixed at $12,000, and the preliminary trial will be heard this week.

A Gloomy View.

New York—Klondike was mentioned by the Rev. Egerton R. Young, of Toronto, a noted missionary to the Indians, in a talk at a meeting of Baptist ministers. He has travelled for weeks in the depth of winter, sleeping out of doors, with the thermometer often at 50 degrees below zero. He said: "If any of your friends have the Klondike fever, try to cure them of it. Three-fourths of the men up there now must perish before next July. Dogs are all right, but they cannot save these men. The journey would take 40 days, and four dogs can haul 600 pounds. But each dog must have 10 pounds of food a day. In only 10 days, therefore the dogs would eat 100 pounds, and the driver would eat the rest."

Postal Notes for Canada.

Hon. Mr. Mulock, Postmaster-General, has decided to adopt the postal note system in vogue in the United Kingdom. The system will come into operation on July 1st, 1898. Paper notes, will be printed in thin linen paper of the following denominations: Twenty, twenty-five, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, and ninety cents; one dollar, one dollar and a half, four and five dollars. The cost of purchasing them will be one cent each up to forty cents, two cents between that figure and $2.50, and three cents each for all above that. The postal notes will replace the post office money orders for the transmission of all small sums through the post. The postal notes will be a great convenience and will do away with the payment of small accounts in postage stamps. No identification will be necessary to pay postal notes, presentation being all that is necessary to secure payment.

S.S. Nakusp Burned.

The C. P. R. steamer Nakusp was cremated last Friday morning while lying at the dock in Arrowhead. The cause of the fire is unknown. The flames spread with such great rapidity that it was difficult to save anything, and the officers and men on board barely escaped with their lives. The steamer is a total loss. In addition to the loss of the vessel there were four cars of merchandise on board that were also destroyed. These consisted of a car of bran, one of oats, one of hay and one of general merchandise.

The steamer Nakusp has been an unlucky one. The machinery that was in her formerly belonged to the steamer Columbia, owned by the Columbia & Kootenay Steam Navigation company. The Columbia was burned on the Columbia river, opposite Sayward, on August 2, 1894. The machinery, which was not seriously injured, owing to the fact that it was located low down in the hold, was raised. When the Nakusp was built in May, 1895, by the Kootenay Steam Navigation company at a cost of $85,000, the machinery from the Columbia was placed in her. When the Columbia & Kootenay Navigation company was absorbed by the Canadian Pacific Railway company, nine months since, the Nakusp, with the other assets of the former company, passed into the hands of the latter. Last summer the Nakusp was so unfortunate as to run aground on the Kootenay bar at the rapids, and remained there for a couple of months, and it cost the sum of $7,000 to float her again.

The Nakusp was 171 feet long, 33 feet beam, and had a carrying capacity of 300 tons. She was a three decker. The saloon deck had 17 staterooms, a parlor 18x44 feet, a dining room 17x38 feet, and a smoking room 17x34 feet. The main deck had room for 15 carloads of freight She was supplied with two marine engines, 20-inch bore and six foot stroke, which indicates under full pressure 800 horse power. She had three steam pumps, a double steam capstan and a fine electric light plant, running 130 incandescent lights, two search lights and one boom light.

The Fidelity Leased.

Ben Kneebone has leased the Fidelity on the development plan. He will sink a double compartment shaft 60 feet and then drift for two hundred into the big bluff close to this property. He will do no stopihg, and for his pay receives the ore taken out in doing the above work. The Fidelity ships 20 tons to the Kaslo sampler this week.

The Crackerjack.

The owners of the Fidelity also own the Crackerjack, a claim lying between the Frisco and Fidelity. The ledge on this property is very wide, and assays on the surface have returned 28 ounces in silver. A trail and cabins are to be built this week and an open cut commenced on top of the bluff. Six men will develop the claim all winter.

The Rosebery Sampler.

The British Columbia Ore Sampling Co. are calling for tenders to clear site for their sampler at Rosebery. Tenders are to be sent not later than Friday of this week to A. M. Beattie, who is acting for the company.

The Kootenay Silver-Lead Industry.

The present necessity on the part of the silver-lead mine owners of Kootenay to ship their ores to distant foreign smelters is beginning to gall, and the mine operators of the Slocan seem to be anxious to devise some way by which they may protect themselves from the extortions of the lead trust, the rapacity of the American smelters, the outrageous import duty on lead ores imposed by the United States, and the systematic bleeding that they are subjected to by the ridiculously high freight rates of the railways.

The lead trust of the United States arbitrarly fixes the price of lead, and it is therefore impossible for the smelters of that country to pay better prices for the ore that they purchase. On shipments of lead ore to the Swansea (England) smelter, full credit is given for consignments, but the case is different with the customs smelters of the United States. The latter make excessive charges for moisture, supposed to be contained in galena ores, deduct 1½ cent per pound import duty, though they keep our ores in bond until they have been used to flux the dry ores of the States and shipped out of the country in the form of bullion, and, as if that were not sufficient imposition on the miners of British Columbia, only allow for 90 per cent. of lead consignments. We are thus forced to pay duty on 10 per cent. of lead that is shipped to the United States smelters for which we receive absolutely nothing. So far as the railway charges are concerned, we are compelled to pay extortinate rates for the reason that the C. P. R. and the American railways, which control the situation, object to the loss of the long haul.

There is but one remedy for this decidedly disastrous condition of affairs. Means must be brought to bear on the situation by which silver-lead smelters will be protected and encouraged to a sufficient extent to make this country independent of United States smelters and United States markets.—Miner.

SLOCAN MINING NOTES.

The Ethel, near Trout lake has been sold to an English company for $75,000.

Smelters at Rosebery, Nakusp and Kaslo in the near future are prophesied by the wiseacres.

Several concentrators are in the prospective on Four Mile and in the neighhood of Silverton.

After next Saturday most of the cheap companies in B. C. will be wiped out, as most of them will not pay the fees required by law. This is a blessing to legitimate mining.

There are 700 miners and men employed in 26 mines and prospects that are being worked around Rossland. About double that number are working in the Slocan this winter.

Twenty men are employed on the Vancouver, Four Mile, and a like force is put to work on the Thompson this week. The Vancouver will ship 350 tons of ore a week hereafter.

The Ruth No. 2 Mining Co., Ltd., last week purchased of A. B. Railton, Spokane, Wash., the mineral claim Dorothy, situated about 2,500 feet west of the Ruth mine and adjoining the Badger State. The property was located in 1895 by D. C. Clark. Five thousand was the price paid.

Crow's Nest Slavery.

The Winnipeg Tribune under the above heading gives an account of the way in which the laborers on Crow's Nest pass railway have been dealt with by the management. According to the Tribune it is a record of broken contracts and hardships suffered that are a disgrace to a civilized country. But then a company can build railways more cheaply than a government. This is the way they do it.

Two Cent Postage.

It is imposible to verify the report as yet, but it is practically certain that the postmaster-general will propose the abolition of free postage for newspapers and the reduction of the letter rate to two cents at the approaching session of the Dominion parliament.

Night Air.

An extraordinary fallacy is the dread of night air. What air can we breathe at night but night air? The choice is between pure night air from without and foul air from within. Many people prefer the latter—an unaccountable choice. What will they say if it is proved to be true that one-half of all the diseases we suffer from are occasioned by people sleeping with windows shut? An open window, most nights in the year, can never hurt any one. In great cities night air is often the purest and best to be had in the twenty-four hours. I could better understand shutting the windows in town during the day than during the night, for the sake of the sick. The absence of smoke, the quiet, all tend to make night the best time for airing the patient. One of our highest medical authorities on consumption and climate has told me that the air of London is never so good as after ten o'clock at night. Always air your room, then, from the outside air if possible. Windows are made to open, doors are made to shut—a truth which seems extremely difficult of apprehension. Every room must be aired from without, every passage from within.—Sanitary World.

WHEN YOU WERE BILL AND I WAS JOE.

When you were Bill and I was Joe,
In boyhood's days, long, long ago,
We did not know that field and stream
And food and drink and air just teem
With little wiggling, crawling things
That get around, sans legs or wings,
And every day get mixed up in
Some portion of us 'neath the skin,
Assisting us aloft to rise
To mansions far above the skies.
Naught of bacteria did we know,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

We drank when thirsty from the brook,
Or where some spring, in shady nook,
Poured out its crystal waters cool;
Or, both these wanting, from some pool
That stood beside the dusty road,
Of countless pollywogs th' abode.
Naught of baccilli then knew we—
Strangers were they to you and me.
And when we felt the pangs of thirst
We drank till we were fit to burst
Of any old thing that was wet,
And—strange to say—we're living yet
I wonder now we didn't die
As I recall those days gone by!
We surely must have stowed away
Scores of bacteria each day.
Perchance immunity we owe
To this fact: That we didn't go
'Round wondering if we hadn't got
A bug in some most vital spot.
Naught of bacteria did we know
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

But now the doctors tell us this:
A pretty maid you may not kiss,
Lest on her lips so rosy red
Some germ destructive has its bed.
Hand must not clasp with hand again,
And all men henceforth must refrain
From showing in this way their love,
Unless protected by a glove.
Each book must disinfected be
Before 'twill do for you or me
To take away. Beware of it
Lest Death within its pages sit.
If things keep on much longer so.

THE ORINOCO MINES.

South America is to become the great source of supply for the blast furnaces and steel mills of England, if the reports of James E. York, a well-known north-western iron man and member of the British Iron and Steel Institute, are correct.

Mr. York has been for a number of years interested in iron making on Lake Superior, at Duluth and Ashland, and a year or more ago became interested in a project for mining ore on the Orinoco concession of the Faribault company that has obtained title to 14,000,0000 acres of rich lands along the lower Orinoco river in Venezuela. He went to Venezuela and investigated the deposits of iron there, bringing samples of ore to New York and carrying both samples and assays to England. As a result the Orinoco Iron Company was formed by a number of New York men, and a lease made by which they control vast deposits on the Orinoco river. They are obliged to mine not less than 500,000 tons a year, and they pay a royalty for every ton. Not long ago Mr. York and his associates went to England and made sales of their ore to the amount of nearly the probable output of the mines for a long term of years, and shortly they will sail from New York for the Orinoco river to set in motion the mines there. Those who go are Messrs. York, A. R. Roeder and Benoni Lockwood of New York, and J. L. Washburn of Duluth, attorney for the company. It is credibly stated that the company's annual sales in Europe will amount to more than 750,000 tons and will soon reach a quantity more than double that, providing there is no unexpected obstacle, and that a profit of over $1 a ton can be confidently looked for.

The resources of these mines are probably not equalled on the globe. The exploring party sent out by the concessionaries a year or more ago found, six miles back of the river, at the little village of Santa Cetalina, a body of ore exposed above the surface for a length of 2½ and 1½ miles wide. It rose 600 feet above the surrounding surface and seemed to be iron solid from the ground up, and of unknown extent beneath the ground. It is estimated that there is in the exposed portion of the deposit not less than 2,000,000,000 tons of ore, and it will not be necessary to mine it, but the whole amount can be quarried from the surface. As it lies but six miles from a point that can be reached by open steamships, both mining and transportation will be at exceedingly small cost. The ore is a large-grained specular hematite, and averages, so far as known, above 67 per cent. metallic iron and so low in phosporus that it will be most desirable. It is claimed by those who have seen and tested it, to be the finest ore in the world, not excepting that from the mines of Sweden.

The bessemer ores of England are about exhausted, and those of the Bilboa district of Spain, from which England draws much of her supply, are growing less and less, and their end is in sight. There is a present demand in England for not less than 3,000,000 tons a year of such ore as can be mined on this concession at prices that will permit the concessionaries in Orinoco to make a profit of about $1 per ton. With an abundance of such ores it may be possible for the English manufacturers to retain a hold on their home market, which now seems to be slipping from their grasp, into that of the Americans. At any rate, they are going to try the ores to the extent of millions of dollars' worth annually. It is expected that the first cargoes will be shipped early in the coming spring.

THE DRUNKARD'S SERMON.

It was growing late. The tide of humanity that earlier in the evening had ebbed and flowed through the streets of the great city had swept onward, leaving the strange and almost appaling sense of desolation that comes when the noises of the town are hushed. The electric lights flared unnoticed on the corners; the street cars passed at further intervals; now and then a night worker hurried by, his footsteps ringing out loud and clear in the stillness. At the front of a saloon whose lights shone out bright and ruddy across the pavement, stood a tramp, unshorn, ragged, dirty, disgusting. He watched with envious eyes the men who passed in and out through the swinging doors, and then he turned his eyes towards two young fellows in evening dress, who were coming down the street toward him. They had been drinking deeply, and they stopped before the saloon door and looked curiously at him.

"By Jove," said one, "think of having a thirst like that, and not the price of an extinguisher in your pocket. Beats old Tantalus all to pieces, eh? Liquor, liquor, everywhere and not a drop to drink."

He ran his hand in his pocket and proffered the tramp a dime, but before it could be accepted the other fellow interposed.

"Say," he said, "let's do the good Samaritan and set Hobo up to a good drink."

The other hilariously consented, and the tramp slouched into the saloon at the heels of the two gilded youths. The barkeeper set before them glasses and liquors, and with a hand that shook the tramp poured out a brimming glass and raised it to his lips.

"Stop," cried one of the young men drunkenly. "make us a speech. Its poor liquor that doesn't unloosen a man's tongue."

The tramp hastily swallowed down the drink, and as the rich liquor coursed through his blood he straightened himself and stood before them with a grace and dignity that all his rags and dirt could not obscure.

"Gentleman," he said, "I look tonight at you and at myself, and it seems to me I look upon the picture of my lost manhood. This bloated face was once as young and handsome as yours. This shambling figure once walked as proudly as yours, a man in a world of men. I, too, once had home and friends and position. I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream, and I dropped the priceless pearl of her honor and respect in the wine cup, and, Cleopatralike, saw it dissolve, and quaffed it down in the brimming draught. I had children as sweet and lovely as the flowers of spring, and I saw them fade and die under the blighting curse of a drunkard father. I had a home where love lit the flame upon the altar and ministered before it, and I put out the holy fire, and darkness and desolation reigned in its stead. I had aspirations and ambition that soared as high as the morning star, and I broke and bruised their beautiful wings, and, at last, strangled them that I might be tortured with their cries no more. To-day I am a husband without a wife, a father without a child, a tramp with no home to call his own, a man in whom every good impulse is dead. All, all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink."

The tramp ceased speaking, the glass fell from his nerveless fingers and shivered into a thousand fragments on the floor. The swinging doors pushed open and shut to again, and when the little group about the bar looked up the tramp was gone.

FORTUNATE TREACHERY.

"Yes," said the veteran business man with a glad smile, "Dick and I are like brothers; but I thought once that we were destined to be deadly enemies."

"A fact nevertheless. We grew up together and were never perfectly happy when apart. He was a class ahead of me in college and engaged to a girl in the college town, while I was engaged to a girl back home. He commissioned me to look after his girl that year and I returned the confidence by asking him to call upon mine whenever he could. Without going into details, talking about the betrayal of a sacred trust, or philosophising upon the follies of youth, I fell desperately in love with his girl, she reciprocated and we became engaged. You can imagine how difficult it was for me to meet him, and it became doubly hard when I saw him with melancholy countenance and depressed air. He took my hand reluctantly, looking past me instead of into my eyes, and only gathered himself up when I blurted out that I supposed our friendship was at an end.

"'I suppose it must be so, Tom,' he said in a choked voice. 'I feel like a traitor and a sneak, but I couldn't help it. She's so—'

"'What the deuce are you talking about, Dick? I'm the guilty party. You left her in my care and I rewarded you by winning her. It was contemptible, but it was fate.'

"Dick's face beamed all over as he wrung both my hands and then let out a whoop that brought a policeman to the spot. He had served me just as I had served him; but you see what a tragical affair it would have been had either of us proved faithful."

Detecting a Thief by Smell.

Abyssinia, the oldest monarchy in the world, had much the same government, laws and customs three thousand years ago that it has now. One of the most curious of these is that of "thief-smelling."

When a robbery has been committed and is reported to the Lebashi, who answers to the Chief of Detectives in New York, he compels one of his subordinates to drink a decoction made from a plant which throws him into a state of something like that produced by hashish or opium-smoking before the stupor. While thus intoxicated the detective is supposed to have a supernatural power of smelling thieves. The method of utilizing this power, described by the Abyssinian traveller, Dr. Krapp, consists of tying a stout rope around the detective's waist allowing him to crawl up and down the village street, the free end of the rope being held in the hand of the Lebashi.

Whenever the thief-smeller enters a house its master is at once convicted of the theft without further evidence. The person who has been robbed is sent for and made to swear to the value of the stolen property, and this value must be paid at once by the owner of the house to which the scent has led the able detective.

The system has its disadvantages, but perhaps with the right sort of a Lebashi holding the free end of the rope that is tied around the thief-smeller's waist it will work as well on the whole as related methods of detecting do in New York.

Extraordinary Antiquity.

He—It really doesn't seem possible that Queen Victoria can be as old as that.

She—As old as what?

He—Why, as old as this paper infers.

She—How old is that?

He—It doesn't exactly say, but it has an article here entitled, "Some facts about Victoria, B. C."—Boston Courier.

He—And so Miss Barewell's gown cost $200?

She—Yes; it was made in Paris.

He—By Jove! I wonder how much she would have had to pay if the thing had been made to cover her all the way up?

WOMEN'S SPHERE.

They talk about a woman's sphere,
As though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task, to mankind given,
There's not a blessing, or a woe,
There's not a whisper, yes or no,
There's not a life or death or birth,
That has a father's weight or worth,
Without a woman in it.

Lost and best of God's creations,
Builder, strength, and hope of nations,
Whose name has decked all history's pages,
Mother of warriors, martyrs, sages,
With voice so full, of music's cadence,
And eye that beams with Heaven's radiance,
And touch that soothes, when pain around us,
So gentle, loving, sweet, forgiving;
Made to love, in love believing,
So strong in others' tribulation—
To thee I bow in adoration—
Thou blending of divine and human—
Noble woman!

He Wanted Clothes.

"Well, yes, I should say so," remarked one of the most prominent women physicians to a reporter. "A woman doctor certainly does have some funny experiences. My latest one happened this week, and it is too good to keep."

"The servant had gone out for the evening and I had to answer the door. Friends of the family were spending an hour or so with us, and we were having a merry time when the bell rang.

"I went to the door and opened it. There stood a man, ill dressed and ragged, but with a fairly good face. Thinking that it was, very possibly, the husband of one of my needy patients, I asked him what he wanted. When he replied that he wished to see the doctor I questioned him to make sure there was no mistake as to what doctor it was he wished to see.

"After glancing at my sign, which, unfortunately, was but dimly lighted from a street lamp across the way, he said, 'Dr. ——,' giving the name most prominent thereon. Feeling certain that everything was all right, I answered with cordiality, 'I am Dr. ——.'

"The man seemed much confused. 'Oh! Ahem! Ah!' he stammered. It seemed as though he could not rise to the occasion. Making a desperate effort and having in mind the request he originally intended to make, he blurted out, with a red face: 'I wanted to know if the doctor could help me out with a shirt or a pair of pants. I've been out of work, and——.' Here he stopped, unable to get any farther, for evidently he had remembered that 'the doctor' was a woman.

"When I, after looking him over, told him that I thought I had none that would do, he turned and fled, but I thought I could see his shoulders shaking in the gloom.

Nationalization of Railways.

W. Wilson of the British Railway Nationalization League, writes to the press as follows.

Several letters have reached me from Canada desiring me to write on this question. Events are proving that soon every civilized country will have state railways because unified control increases transit while diminishing the cost.

In Canada, where nearly one-fourth of the public debt arises from subsidies to railways, where Grand Trunk guaranteed and preference shares pay nil with all their state help, is beyond doubt. Had the Dominion Government made the Crow's Nest line, taken over the Drummond county and Intercolonial railways, connected them to the Grand Trunk, they would have safeguarded the people from combination against them by the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific, and paved the way to the acquisition of these big monopolies.

A public society is very desirable, therefore, to point out such advantages as the following specimens of state railways in British colonies amply prove: The New South Wales State Railway returns to hand for 1896-7 show total earnings £3,321,437: net earnings, £1,471,338; capital expended, £38,921,875. South Australia for the same year paid 3.21 per cent. on total capital, with interest to pay afterwards on borrowed capital. Tasmanian railways saved in 1891 £380,542 by reducing rates fally two-thirds, a capitalised gain of £9,514,300, exceeding the total public debt by £2,000,000, without net receipts from railway working. New Zealand state railways, 1894-5, yielded profit of £139,793, and with balance from preceeding year, £290,238, gave a surplus of £430,041. The New South Wales railways gave 9572 free passes to miners in 1894. The New Zealand state railways carry childred to and from school free. Their lines now pay, but did not under companies. State lines are thus more democratic than company lines. The unemployed problem is practically solved in that colony by arbitration boards and Government dealing direct with workmen. Cape railways for 1896 yielded a clear profit of 2.19 per cent. Ceylon railways pay about the same. Indian railways, 5 per cent. Belgian state lines, 4.43 per cent. German, 5 per cent. Austrian, 4 per cent. State railways enable the public to travel 1000 miles in Australia, first class, for 26s; in Denmark, 1079 for 7s 3d, third class; in Hungary, 450 for 6s 8d.

Let Canada give £150 Government stock for every £100 of railway stock, and the transfer with all its blessings will follow with satisfaction to all and no interest or taxation.

The train ran off the track and plunged down a steep embankment.

Engine, baggage car, coaches and sleepers were jumbled in one awful mass.

The groans of the injured passengers rent the air.

It was frightful.

Jones, the world-renowned halfback, partially awoke.

Three passenger cars were piled on top of him.

A piece of pipe was coiled around his neck.

The rim of one of the great driving wheels of the engine rested on his face.

His legs were pinned down by a heavy beam.

A pillow had been forced against his mouth and nose, making it impossible for him to breathe.

His arms were pressed against his sides, and he tried in vain to move.

But willing hands were at work upon the wreck, and at last Jones, the world-renowned halfback, was dragged out.

Looking around in a dazed sort of way, at his rescuers, he asked:

"How many yards did we gain on that down, boys."

An immense assortment of furniture lower than Coast prices, at Crowley's New Denver. Freight paid on order to Sandon and all Slocan points.

Increase Your Business and Make Money

HANDLING

FURS

Hides, Pelts, Wool,

TALLOW, GINSENG, SENECA.

Write for Circular giving Latest Market Prices

Full Prices. Correct Selection

IMMEDIATE REMITTANCES.

Ropes and Tags Furnished Free

NO COMMISSION CHARGED.

JAS. McMILLAN & CO., Inc. 200-212 FIRST AVE. NORTH. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Rosebery

The northern connecting point of the C. P. R. on Slocan Lake.

Rosebery

Has the only safe harbor north of Slocan City.

Rosebery

It is at Rosebery where the beautiful Slocan steamer ties up over night and where the employees can bring their families.

Rosebery

Lots were put on the market June 28 and are selling fast. You cannot afford to wait if you want a lot. They are going up.

Rosebery

Men are now grading and clearing the townsite, and several buildings are about to be erected.

Rosebery

Is destined to be the distributing centre for the Slocan.

Rosebery

Will become the great Concentrating City of the Slocan, having abundance of water and being easy of access to the Mining Centre. Watch this.

Rosebery

Terms, ⅓ cash; balance three and six months.

For full particulars apply to

A. M. BEATTIE,
General Agent

BOURNE BROS.

GROCERIES,
DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
BOOTS & SHOES,
BUILDERS' SUPPLIES,
STOVES,
ENAMEL AND TINWARE,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,
POWDER, FUSE, CAPS,
JESSOP & BLACK DIAMOND STEEL
CHATHAM WAGONS, ETC.,

AT LOWEST PRICES.

New Denver, B. C

THE KASLO HOTEL

Family & Commercial.

Large And Comfortable Rooms

Fitted with every modern convenience. Special protection against fire. Rates $2.50 and $3 per day.

COCKLE & PAPWORTH, Proprietors.

By sending 10 cents to The Ledge,

New Denver B.C.,

You can obtain a complete copy of

Carlyle's Report on the Slocan.

Laundry business to sell or rent. Good paying concern. Contents and house will be sold cheap for cash. Also, a new Singer sewing machine. Apply at Laundry, (public wharf.)

Port of Nakusp.

THOS. ABRIEL

CUSTOMS BROKER,

Real Estate, Mines & Insurance. Nakusp, B. C.

J.R.&D. Cameron

Formerly of Winnipeg.

Furnish Clothing

—: in the :—

Latest Style

—: of the :—

Tailors Art.

Shops at THREE FORKS & SANDON.

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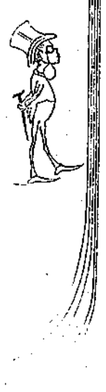
NEW DENVER, B.C.

Is a new house, with new furniture and everything comfortable for the taaveling public. The bar has the best goods in the market. ANGRIGNON BROS., Proprietors.

The Job-room of The Ledge



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..... If you are in the Slocan metropolis call in and see our plant, but do not touch our bull pup's pup, or allow the cyclone caused by our fast cylinder press to blow your plug hat out of the rear tunnel. Come in folks when you have any job printing to do, or cash that is too heavy to carry, and we will give you a profitable solution of your trouble. Come, gentle pilgrims, come.

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Nelson, B. C.

Merchant Tailor.

Full Line of Suitings and Trouserings always on hand.

HOTEL VEVEY

Dining Room and Bar. First-class in every respect. Rooms well furnished. Trail open to Ten and Twelve Mile creeks. Pack and Saddle Animals to hire. ALLEN & CORY, Proprietors. Vevey, Slocan Lake, B.C.

JEST 'FORE CHRISTMAS.

Father calls me William, sister calls me Will
Mother calls me Willie, but the fellers call me Bill!
Mighty glad I ain't a girl—ruther be a boy,
Without them sashes, curls, an' things that's worn by Fauntleroy!
Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin' in the lake—
Hate to take the castor-ile they give for belly ache!
'Most all the time, the whole year round, there ain't no flies on me,
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Got a yeller dog named Sport, sick him on the cat:
First thing she knows she doesn't know where she is at!
Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids goes out to slide,
'Long comes the grocery cart, an' we all hook a ride!
But sometimes when the grocery man is worrited an' cross,
He reaches at us with his whip, an' larrups up his hoss
An' then I laff and holler, "O, ye never teched me!"
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I get to be a man,
I'll be a missionarer like her oldest brother, Dan,
As was et up by cannibuls that lives in Ceylon's Isle!
Where every prospeck pleases, an' on'y man is vile!
But gran'ma she has never been to see a Wild West show,
Nor read the life of Daniel Boone, or else I guess she'd know
That Buff'lo Bill an' cowboys is good enough for me!
Excep' jest 'for Christmas, when I'm good as I kin be!

An' then old Sport he hangs around so solemn-like an' still,
His eyes they seem a-sayin': "What's the matter, little Bill?"
The old cat sneaks down off her perch an' wonders what's become
Of them *two* enemies of hern that used to make things hum!
But I am so perlite an' tend so earnestly to biz!
That mother says to father: "How improved our Willie is!"
But father, havin' been a boy hisself, suspicions me
When, jest 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots an' lots of candies, cakes, an' toys,
Was made, they say, for proper kids an' not for naughty boys;
So wash yer face an' bresh yer hair an' mind yer p's an' q's,
An' don't bust out yer pantaloons, and don't wear out yer shoes:
Say 'Yessum" to the ladies, and "Yessur" to the men,
An' when they's company, don't pass yer plate for pie again;
But, thinkin' of the things yer'd like to see upon that tree,
Jest 'fore Christmas be as good as yer kin be!

Pickings From The Mother Lode of Wit

Two little brothers, aged respectively four and six years old, fell in with a stray kitten, which, suffering by the hands of some cruel person, had of its tail scarcely half an inch remaining. "Poor little kitten," said the younger boy, "Who has cut off its tail? I wonder if it will grow again? To which the elder gravely remarked, "Of course it will! Don't you see that the root is there?"

Dora—Jack, who was that lady with your father? I didn't know you had a sister.

Jack—Oh, that one isn't a sister. That's father's step-wife!

Phyllis accidentally discovered a doll that her mother had concealed in a trunk in readiness for the little lady's birthday. The following day at dinner she surprised the family by remarking: "I'm trying so hard to forget something I want to remember that I don't feel very hungry."

A country fellow came to London, when a dog came suddenly out of a house and furiously ran at him. The fellow stooped to take up a stone to cast at the dog, and finding them all fast rammed or paved in the groud, quoth he: What strange country am I in; where the people the up the stones, and let the dogs loose?

Gentleman is a term which does not apply to any station, but to the mind and the feelings in every station. The The man of rank who deports himself with dignity and candor; the tradesman who discharges the duties of life with honor and integrity, are alike entitled to it: nay, the humblest artisan, who fulfills the obligations cast upon him with virtue and with honor, is more entitled to the name of gentleman than the man who could indulge in offensive and ribald remarks, however high his station

The dessert was baker's pie and home-made cake.

"I can recommend the cake," said the landlady; "it is plain, but good."

"Ya-a-s," assented Spriggins, taking a slice and buttering thickly (butter 50 cent. a pound), "I always did like these plain but good cakes."

"Ah! indeed," said the landlady's smile But the glare in her eye added, "You'll get no more of them in this house, young man."

Mr. Knownaugth (who has heard young Ultradude get off the same speech)—How very fortunate I am in finding this chair (as he seats himself next Mrs. Societe)! I do so much enjoy talking with clever people!

Mrs. Societe—You must enjoy soliloquy, then.

Mr. Knownaught—Indeed I do. His writings strike me as being really quite as clever as anything we have.

Proprietor (of book store)—How would you like this motto, madam? We sell a great many of them.

Madam—H'm, 'God bless our home.' No, that wouldn't do. You see we live in the top story of a Harlem flat.

A gentleman talking to a friend about the antiquity of his family, which he carried up to Noah, was told that he was a mere mushroom.

"Ah!" said he; "how so, pray?"

"Why," replied the other, "when I was in Wales, a pedigree of a particular family was shown me; it filled about five large skins of parchment, and near to the middle of it was a note in the margin, 'About this time the world was created.'"

At baseball a ball struck and knocked senseless an Englishman whose back had been turned to the play during the match. On coming to himself, he asked faintly: "What was it?" "A foul—only a foul." "Good heavens," said he, "I thought it was a mule."

"Madam," said a Cleveland tramp the other day, "behold a scholar and a gentleman. In the classics I always carried off all the honors of my class. In Cæsar—"

"Are you familiar with Cæsar?"

"Intimately, ma'am."

"Then if you will cross the Rubicon into the back yard you will find the saw lying by the woodpile."

"Madam, My Cæsar is a revised version. I give a new and improved reading of the familiar text. When I reach that epigrammatic passage, 'I came, I saw, I conquered,' invariably I omit the 'saw.' Good-day, ma'am."

Little Johnny Steeter, who had only seen four short summers, was very naughty one afternoon, says the Chicago Journal, and his mamma whipped him.

Johnny was very much offended with her for this mode of procedure, and treated her with the strictest silence for the remainder of the day, eating his supper without deigning to notice her in any way.

When his bedtime came she called him in and undressed him for bed, he still maintaining much dignity. He knelt down, as was his custom, to say his "Now I lay me down to sleep," and, after asking God to bless his papa, grandpa, grandma, aunt, and even the servant girl, he turned to his mother and said with emphasis, "You ain't in it."

A Yorkshire farmer was invited to the funeral of a neighbor's wife. He had attended the other two, and therefore declined the invitation. Being pressed by his own wife to give the reason he said: "Well, it makes a chap awkward, always accepting civilities and never has nowt sooart o' own to ask them back to."

Young Sister—Mother, I think it is too bad. I am sixteen, yet you make me wear such short dresses that it mortifies me terribly.

Mother—My dear, you cannot wear longer dresses till your elder sister is married.

Young Sister—Well, she is as good as engaged to Mr. Doolittle, and I think I'm entitled to an extra flounce."

"Your story, Mr. Winterkill," said the magazine editor to the rising young author, "suits me very well. I observe some trivial faults, however. For instance, you describe the heroine's canary as drinking water by 'lapping it up eagerly with her tongue.' Isn't that a peculiar way for a canary to drink water?" "Your criticism surprises me," said Mr. Winterkill, in a pained voice, "Still, if you think your readers would prefer it, perhaps it would be better to let the canary drink its water with a teaspoon."

"Darling," he cried, "I can not live without you."

"But," she replied, "my father is bankrupt."

"In that case," he despondently replied, "I guess I'll go and shoot myself."

YANKEE DOODLE.

Yankee Doodle comes to town,
Possessed of many a "pony;"
Bringing his lovely daughter with
A view to Ma-tri-mo-ny.
Yankee doodle-doodle-doo!
The dollars come in handy.
Even to Dooks who have too few,
But know the Ars Amandi.

Yankee Doodle rails at rank,
That is for home consumption;
But at swell relatives the Yank
Don't kick—he's too much gumption.
Yankee doodle-doodle-doo!
Love is sweet as candy,
His daughters "reckon" blood that's blue
Scarce spoils the British dandy.

During the War.

The Christmas of 1861 at the south was not so much different from those that preceeded, but the Christmas of 1862 found the Confederate money at a heavy discount. Wood was $45 a cord and turkeys $11 each, but even at those prices many were still able to enjoy them, and there were still some toys for the little folks. Then came the bitter year of 1863, with the fall of Vicksburg and the defeat at Gettysburg. With sad faces, harmonising well with their dresses of coarse black stuff, the women of the South devoted themseives to picking lint and spinning and weaving for husbands, fathers, brothers and sweethearts in the field. Christmas cheer—such as could be obtained—cost a fabulous sum, for one bright golden dollar was then worth $28 in Confederate money. Sugar was from $5 to $10 per pound, turkeys $50 apiece and flour $25 per barrel.

Christmas, 1864—the last Christmas of war times—dawned, and what a gloomy festival it was for the people of the south," says a southern lady. "Of manufactured products we had practically none. Our hairpins were made of long, black thorns with a ball of sealing wax on one end. We had made into dresses every scrap of available material, and now our gowns consisted of window 'homespuns' and paper muslin or colored cambrics that had once done duty as lining, while our feet were incased in homemade cloth shoes. At a Christmas dinner in a typical southern home that day the festive board presented a turkey that had cost $200, a ham worth $300, hominy and potatoes at correspondingly high prices and black molasses—as dessert—at $60 per gallon. The Confederate dollar was then worth just 2 cents in gold. Wood was $100 a cord, beef $35 a pound, flour $600 a barrel, butter $40 a pound and sugar $30.

All was silent in the negro quarters. There was no singing or dancing there as usual. The slaves, having all heard of 'de 'mancipation poclaration,' knew that they were free, and had all scattered away. Desolation seemed to reign over everything."

Furnish elegantly and cheap, Parlor sets in rugs and plush. New designs in fancy chairs, couches, etc. At lowest prices at Crowley's New Denver. Endless variety of Pillows, Beds and Mattresses.

Major Walsh, administrator for the Yukon District, has imposed a tax of $2 per gallon on all whiskey going into that country. The tax will be increased if the traffic does not cease.

Air Tight Heaters and Box Stoves at Bourne Bros. The largest stock and lowest prices in the Slocan.

A SURPRISED SHARK.

A HINDOO WITH A ROPE PROVED TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

A Swimming Contest In Which the Man Surpassed the Fish—A Thrilling Scene, Upon Which an Immense Throng of People Looked With Varying Emotions.

"Talk about your shark hunters in the south Pacific islands," remarked the old traveler, "but I remember seeing an encounter with one of those long toothed gentry that for cool nerve beat anything I ever read about.

"I was loafing around Calcutta one day, late in the autumn, waiting for the evening train up to the city of Hugli, when I heard a tremendous shouting coming from the direction of the river Hugli, which is practically one of the mouths of the Ganges. Trotting over to the shore as fast as a white man ever traveled in India, I saw a huge commotion. Natives were hurrying away from the bank as if in terror and then running back as if their curiosity had overcome their greatest fears. The river was full of boats. The occupants of the larger ones were screaming with excitement, while those in the small ones were shrieking and jabbering with a considerable amount of fear.

"I soon discovered that the fuss had been created by a large shark which had come up with the tide and had ventured a little farther than it was customary for sharks to do. His dorsal fin was cutting the water here and there, and when occasionally he turned on his back and sent his nose and grinning teeth above the water groans and screams of horror went up in all directions. His sharkship was evidently out for supper and was casting longing glances at the succulent Hindoo babies, of whom a considerable number were in sight.

"In the midst of all the hubbub a tall, lank Hindoo stepped out upon the roof of a kind of houseboat and in a short speech announced that he would catch the shark.

"Instantly a dead hush fell upon the multitude. The Hindoo stood erect. He was perfectly naked save for a little garment at the loins, which our Texas cowboys call a 'gee string.' He was armed only with a long rope like a lariat, which he held behind his back with his left hand.

"Presently Mr. Shark came to the surface about eight yards from the boat and immediately the Hindoo plunged overboard.

"A chorus of groans and exclamations went up, in the midst of which the Hindoo reappeared, swimming with his right hand. Man and shark faced each other, and I fancied that I saw a pleased expression in the monster's eye, as much as to say, 'Well, this is civil, to say the least.'

"The shark evidently thought he had a 'cinch' on the situation, for he swam leisurely toward the Hindoo, turned slowly upon his back and opened his mouth. The mouth closed with a snap and the people screamed, but the Hindoo had dived, and presently he appeared again on the off side of the shark, smiling and still carrying his rope.

"The big fish looked surprised and then made another gentle dab at the Hindoo. The result was the same, and Mr. Hindoo came up fresh for the third round.

"Then the shark began to grow angry and made a vicious run at the Hindoo, and again he missed. The people on shore and in the boats began to feel confidence in the human champion, and their groans were changed to applause. Every time the man made a point against the fish those heathens would send up a rousing cheer.

"Well, by this time the thing was getting exciting. I never saw such swimming before, and I never will again. The man was a regular water snake. He dodged, twisted, dove and jumped like an eel. The fish made charge after charge. Once his fin grazed the Hindoo's arm, and the water was colored with blood. The man's stock went down a point, but it soon rose again, when the crowd began to see that the fish simply wasn't in it. The man was beating him at his own game. You see, the fish could only go in one direction—straight ahead like an arrow—while the man turned and doubled like a fox.

"Well, by and by the exertion and excitement told on the monster. He got rattled, churned the river into foam, and then became quiet again. At this moment the Hindoo faced him again. It was the last round.

"The shark charged languidly. The man waited, lying in the water until the great mouth was open to seize him. Then, with a convulsive backward leap, he straightened his body and sank, feet downward, like a plummet of lead.

"The shark settled down over him, lashing the water into a lather foam. They seemed to be grappling with each other. The crowd groaned and screamed, and then became silent.

"For the space of what seemed many minutes the people watched the surface of the water until even the bubbles had disappeared and all was quiet.

"'Lost! Lost!' screamed a priest, and the mob re-echoed the cry and began to beat their breasts like a lot of madmen. Then suddenly in the middle of it all the Hindoo reappeared, 30 yards up the stream. Both hands were above his head, and he was screaming, 'Tan, tan, tan!' He had slipped the noose of his lariat around the shark's tail and drawn it taut, and he held the free end in his hand.

"In an instant it was ashore, and a score of Hindoos were drawing at it. It took them half an hour to get Mr. Shark ashore, for he pulled like a locomotive, but they finally managed it.

"He proved to be nine feet long and sold for a sum which enabled his captor to live in comfort for nearly half a year."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Nearly half of the life insurance carried in Illinois is in the fraternal societies.

T. H. HOBEN

Has an Immense Stock of .....

READY-MADE CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES

No necessity for freezing to death if you have a few dollars to invest in this kind of stock. Call in. The prices will astonish you.

Klondike

Start from VANCOUVER

Because

1. VANCOUVER is the best outfitting point on the Coast; goods considerably cheaper than in the United States.
2. VANCOUVER is the nearest port of departure to the Yukon District.
3. VANCOUVER is the terminus of the C. P. Railway, whose steamers will start from Vancouver this spring.
4. All north-bound steamers call at VANCOUVER.
5. Direct steamers to Yukon ports have now commenced to run from VANCOUVER.
6. VANCOUVER is the only Canadian port where passengers transfer direct from train to steamer.
7. KLONDIKE is in Canada. Outfit in VANCOUVER and save 30 per cent. Customs Duty.

W. GODFREY,
President Board of Trade, Vancouver, B. C.

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Next Saturday

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And continuing throughout the Season.

Admission 25c.

Ladies Free.

Season Tickets, $3.00

THE COLUMBIA HOUSE

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Rooms and Board.

Rates Reasonable.

This House is plastered and is one of the most comfortable in the Slocan.

Everything new and first-class.

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Mining Properties of all kinds wanted for English market.

Send full particulars to

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Correspondence from every part of the Kootenay District and communications upon live topics always acceptable. Write on both sides of the paper if you wish. Always send something good no matter how crude. Get your copy in while it is hot, and we will do the rest.

A pencil cross in this square indicates that your subscription is due, and that the editor wishes once again to look at your collateral.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1897.

WHY NOT ANNEX?

The press of Seattle is not alone in urging the United States authorities to impede Canadian commerce by closing the sub-port of Dyea in addition to the suggestion of other petty obstructions which are simply contemptible, while from San Francisco through Portland to Spokane we find the press lying as to the cost of such goods in Canada as the Klondiker would need as an outfit. When United States papers agree to misrepresent Canada in anything, their vehemence and unanimity is wonderful.

And now comes the Northern Pacific Railway with a new folder headed "The Key to the Klondike," which, as a bidder for Canadian business, is remarkable for its stalwart misrepresentation of Canada. It has an outline map in which not only is Victoria not even mentioned but Vancouver island is not shown, while Portland, Seattle and Tacoma are prominent as the only points of embarkation for the Klondike, which is only inferentially alluded to as being in Canada.

An outline of the mining laws of the United States is given with the purpose, apparently, of confirming the impression that Klondike is in the United States and then we are informed that a large part of a miner's outfit, purchased in the United States, is admitted to Canada free of duty. "This includes a miner's blankets, personal clothing in use, broken packages of provisions being used, cooking utensils and one hundred pounds of food for the journey across the passes. All excess is charged a duty. One important fact should be borne in mind—seventy per cent of all articles needed by a miner in Klondike and Alaska are produced in the United States and must be imported by Canadian tradesmen. These importers necessarily pay a duty, and in selling the articles add that and also all charges for handling, freight, etc., to the cost of the goods; these the purchasing miner must pay. The Canadian authorities in Klondike region seem disposed to cause the miner as little trouble as possible in this connection."

Here there is not a word about the Canadian government terminating this exemption with the present year, but instead the cool lie that seventy per cent. of the Klondike outfitting is of American manufacture.

A plain way out of this Klondike difficulty was presented by the San Francisco Argonaut in its issue of the 2nd of August, which we reprint:

"In a few weeks or months the Americans in the Klondike district will largely outnumber the Canadians, in fact they do so now. Let the Americans there hold a mass meeting, pass resolutions and draw up a petition to President McKinley stating that American interests there are imperilled by the arrival of Canadian miners; that the number of Americans there is largely in excess of any other nationality; and that most of the property there is owned by Americans, and that American interests must be upheld. Let President McKinley then call Congress in particular session and send an annexation treaty to the Senate annexing the Klondike district to the United States. Let the Senate sanction the treaty and the thing is done. Thus Canada will be curbed in her iniquitous attempt to get some of her own gold and we would take it all. The fact that it belongs to her already cuts no figure in the matter. While this proceeding may seem to some rather peculiar, it is certainly more equitable than the Hawaiian grab, for in the Klondike district it is not disputed that the Americans already outnumber all other residents, while in Hawaii they represent the smallest portion of the population. Then again, if the islands are rich the Klondike placers are richer. It is the great reason for annexing Hawaii and it certainly is an infinitely stronger one for annexing the Klondike."

OF Klondike promoters and Canadian statesmen getting mixed in the general gambling scramble, we have another prominent decoy-duck, this time in the Dominion Parliament. The following from the London Economist of Dec 4th is part of the chairman's speech at a meeting of the Klondike, Yukon and Stewart Pioneers Co.:

"You will have gathered from what I have said that we have opened up avenues for future business in Canada, and that the prospects of our company's success are good. I should have mentioned that when there I had the pleasure of meeting more than one of the Cabinet Ministers of the Dominion Parliament, and I have their assurance that they will do everything in their power to promote and facilitate the company's operations. This you may not look upon as of much consequence, but I can assure you that it is of the greatest importance, for politics in Canada and politics in this country are very different, and those of you who have had the opportunity of studying this matter from personal observation will endorse my views readily. Colonel Domville, our managing director on the other side, is member for King's County, has been a prominent politician all his life, and being a loyal and devoted supporter of the present Cabinet, we are more than favorably situated to avail ourselves of the influence his position commands. Working altogether with one object in view we hope at our next annual meeting to be able to lay before you a satisfactory statement, not only of anticipations but of actual realizations of profits from our enterprise. (Applause.)

To see ourselves as the British public are invited to consider us in this connection, is certainly not flattering. Here we have the name of a prominent Canadian statesman paraded as trading on his position ostensibly for gain, and in order that the people may be convinced of the fact, so improbable in the Old Country, they are told that "politics in Canada and politics in this country are very different." So it appears. We would like to know what Sir Wilfred Laurier will have to say to such a damaging statement as this insinuation of corruption, and also, whether there are any special tid-bits of the Klondike reserves for such "devoted supporters" as Colonel Domville?

BEGINNING TO SQUIRM.

The gold forces of the world, and particularly those of the United States represented at Washington, are feeling the effects of the opposition in no small degree. Slowly but surely the thinking minds of all lands are grasping the importance of the money question and are devoting their time and labors to a right solution of the problem. It is readily seen that it would be most disastrous to the world should the single gold standard experiment be fastened on the nations, and the words of warning sown months and months ago are to-day being considered. The opposition to the gold movement is gaining strength every day, as that wild, untried policy is understood. The battle for bi-metallism is going on more earnestly than ever before, and there now seems to be a positive assurance that the money lords will be defeated in their desperate effort to bring every civilized nation in subjection to the yellow metal king.

Just at present the opposition is gaining much ground in the United States. Congress is tied hand and foot. It is impossible for the McKinley administration to pass a currency law. The gold men have been balked at every turn, and now it is that they begin to show their weakness. Because the congressmen and senators of the opposition will not bow down to them like vassals and accept the bill framed by Secretary of the Treasury Gage at the dictation of the dictation of the Gold Money League and Bankers Alliance, they are alluded to as obstructionists, and all manner of angry epithets are hurled at them. But they remain calm and patiently wait for the election of the men to compose the next congress, which will be overwhelmingly in favor of the double standard. All they can do during the present Congrees is to prevent the gold men doing anything to further fasten the absurd single standard heresy upon the nation.

All this makes Secretary Gage very angry. Mr. Gage has, according to his own words, ever been the steadfast friend of everything and everybody's good. He is a very philanthropic gentleman, particularly when Mr. Gage is the prime object of his philanthropy. And he cannot understand why his bill, "the honest fruit of sincere study and reflection," is receiving so much opposition. Some days ago the Federation of Labor passed resolutions condemning the Gage bill as follows:

"'Resolved, That we declare ourselves most positively opposed to the Gage financial bill, recently introduced in Congress by the Secretary of the Treasury. It is a measure that, if adopted as law, will only the more firmly rivet the gold standard on the people of the country and perpetuate its disastrous effects in every form.

"Resolved, That we pronounce the Gage bill an undisguised effort to retire our greenback currency and all government paper money, with a view to the substitution of national bank notes in their stead, and thus fasten the national bank system for many years upon the American people.'"

Mr. Gage makes public reply to these resolutions, in which he would be decidedly funny were it not for the touching manner in which he refers to his life labor for and with his fellow man. He admits that he may be in error, but denies that he had any evil intentions in framing the bill. In conclusion Mr. Gage makes this well sounding but insincere profession: "If you or anyone on your behalf will snow that the views I entertain and advocate are other than salutary to the great economic body of which we are all independent members, I will abandon them without hesitation."

If he were sincere he would not have to look far for proof that the system he proposes to fasten upon the this country is most undesirable and filled with evil for the masses. If he would look close to home he might take up and consider the evils depicted by President McKinley in his message to Congress only a few weeks since. Although unintentional, no doubt, President McKinley condemned the gold standard in the bitterest possible words that could be used by a chief executive.

But Mr. Gage need not stop there. He can take the statistical compilations of the great statisticians of the generation, and find that from the first the effort to force the world to a monometallic gold basis has resulted in disaster. In this connection the eminent political economist Frances A. Walker, author of many works having an international reputation, could enlighten him. Mr. Walker in a recent work says:

"Universal monometallism is the new and untried thing. Bimetallism is the old and well-approved monetary system of mankind. We know what bimetallism is and what it will do. The method of its operation, the nature of its effects, are well known and can be studied historically and statistically upon a wide scale. No one knows what universal monometallism would be, or what it would do. Such a thing never existed. During the past 20 years the world has made rapid progress in that direction; but the end is still far distant. Monometallism is only half born. The 23 years during which it has been trying to make its way into the light have been years of unparalleled commercial disaster and disturbance, and at the end of that period leading gold monometallists like Sir Robert Giffen, declare that the system cannot possibly be extended to India and the further East; or, like Soetbeer and Lexis of Germany, declare that it has already gone too far in Europe, and that a portion of the ground must be retraced."

THE action of Premier Turner and the President of the Council Mr. Pooley in instituting a suit of criminal libel against the proprietors and editor of the Province newspaper and Senator Templeman as manager of the Victoria Times, for adversely commenting upon the plaintiffs for allowing their names to be used in connection with certain alleged mining companies, will furnish a few interesting scraps for current history. As the London Times and other English papers criticised Mr. Turner in more severe terms than did the Province, we suppose that the editor of the "thunderer" and his co-malefactors of the London press will, as soon as Mr. Turner can get at them, be duly lodged in the Old Bailey, but we are inclined to think not.

As the matter is sub judice we refrain from comment and content ourselves with looking forward to interesting details. Quite a number of political mediocrities would joyfully mount to a Klondike swindlership if they only knew how, and it will not be Hewitt Bostock's fault if they are not furnished with a complete manuel of instruction.

JUDGING from the magazines, colledge professors are much worried over "the future of the race," from which it would appear that these gentlemen are borrowing a lot of trouble. It is the race's present, not its future, that needs to be looked after. If our literary theorists would delve into the root of economic principles, and tell us how it is possible to get in touch with social conditions which would place men in a position of economic freedom and independence, they might discover the sublime fact that the race could be left to take care of its own future.

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Pants from $6.00 up. Overcoats that will astonish the natives.

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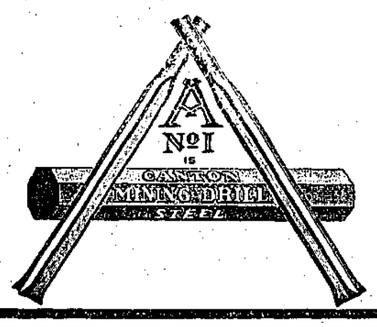

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Fifty dozen A1 chairs at 60 cents each.
Fifty patterns of silk and other covers with trimmings for sale by the yard

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Gold, Silver and Lead, combined	3 00
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Gold and Copper	2 50
Silver and Copper	2 50
Gold, Silver and Copper	3 00
Platinum	5 00
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CIVIL ENGINEER.
Provincial Land Surveyor. Mining Surveying
Kaslo, B. C.

UNION LABOR'S SERVICE.

Awful as the conditions were at the time of the panic of 1893 and still are as a result of that panic there can be no doubt that had the workers not been so well organized as they were there would have been no limit to the depth to which wages would have fallen. As a result the consuming power of the works would have been so much further reduced as to render the economic and industrial depression still more acute and the demoralization and misery of the workers so much more marked that by comparison their present conditions would represent a veritable paradise. In a word, the unions of labor during the past four years have stood as rock to check a wholesale reduction in wages, with all its concomitant misery. Further, the labor movement has served to shorten to duration of panics themselves as well as to enable the workers to maintain the consciousness of power and the hope that full justice will be secured to them in the not distant future. Finally the movement has been the one great preventive of much more serious conflicts, if not of a revolution.

The miners' strike affords a study for us all. In the coal industry, as in most others, "machinery is introduced faster than new employments are founded." Before the panic of 1893 the miners were comparatively poorly organized. Reduction after reduction was the order of the day. Machine mining had been freely introduced, without the slightest attention being paid to the new conditions under which the miners were required to work. Of course no observer—certainly no intelligent union member—entertains the thought of opposing the introduction and full development of machinery, but union labor insists that if, through the genius of man, the production of the necessaries and even the luxuries of life be made easier the producers of these—the workers—if they do not become the beneficiaries, shall certainly not be made to suffer thereby. Union labor insists further that if new machinery be introduced the worker shall enjoy at least part of the fruits. It also insists that the burdens of the worker be lightened by a reduction in his daily hours of labor and that he receive as a reward for his labor a living wage—a wage which, in the dawn of a higher manhood and a nobler civilization, will afford him an opportunity to keep pace with the ever increasing responsibilities devolving upon him as a husband, a father, a man and a citizen.

As above stated, the condition of the miners' organization in 1892 was such that the men were unable to insist upon a fair consideration of their interests. The old abuses of the "company stores," where the workmen were compelled to deal, were reintroduced and extended, thus compelling them to pay, in most instances, an excess of 25 to 50 per cent. for every necessary of life. The hovels in which they dwelt, the well from which they drank, the church at whose alter they knelt, were all owned or controlled by the companies; the workers were truly their bondmen and their slaves.

There is a limit of poverty and misery among the workers in civilized society, and, rather than sink below it, they prefer to incur the dangers of open revolt. Though they delore the disturbance it occasions, it is the courage, hardihood and temporary self sacrifice which this course involves that often prevent a relapse of society into barbarism and the people from being thrust into actual slavery. It was this state of feeling that provoked the miners' strike of this year. Samuel Gompers in Forum for September.

HIS WIT SAVED HIM.

A strict rule promulgated by every successive commandant at the navy yard prohibits smoking on Mare Island, under the most stringent penalties. Admiral Miller, sauntering one recent afternoon through a distant part of the island, came upon an Irish laborer digging a trench and smoking a short black pipe. He was puffing away serenely, unconscious of regulations and with evident enjoyment. The admiral, who was in undress uniform, stopped.

"Don't you know, sir, that smoking is absolutely prohibited in the navy yard?" he said.

The Irshman looked up, and with a kindly smile answered:

"Indade, that's thrue, but here am I all be meself, wid not a sowl to say a wurrd to, and I thought I'd take a puff or two to relave the silence."

"The regulations are explicit,sir," rebuked the admiral, "and the silence does not excuse you. What's your name, sir?"

"An' who may you be, anyway?" asked the Irishman.

"I'm Admiral Miller, sir."

"Ah, 'tis the new admiral ye are. 'Tis the fat job you have, admiral. Be careful to kape it. Me name's Pat McGinnis."

"Report at my office this afternoon without fail, McGinnis," said Miller, who could hardly keep from laughing. At five o'clock poor Patrick, who had made up his mind there would be the devil to pay, tramped over to headquarters and the orderly ushered him into the dreaded presence of the admiral, who said:

"Sit down, Pat."

Pat sat down. Miller touched a bell. The orderly appeared.

"Bring in a bottle of champagne and two glasses," he said.

Not a word was spoken until the wine arrived. The admiral filled the two glasses and pushed one over toward the Irishman.

"Pat," he said, "give me the pipe. You'll not need it again."

The mystified laborer obeyed.

"Now," said the admiral, "drink hearty, Pat; for you'll keep your job as long as I'll keep mine."

Nor is this the first situation saved by Irish wit.

Where there are no Old Maids.

In Greece it is considered an everlasting disgrace to remain an old maid. Girls are betrothed very often when still tiny babies.

Marriages of love are absolutely unknown—even more so than in France. And the father is most particular that the intended husband must have an ample provision to support a wife and family. For the girl, a dowry is not so important as in France but a certain amount of linen and household furniture is required. The whole training and education of a Greek girl is simply a preparation to render her brilliant in the society of the great world. Her toilet is a subject of constant anxiety.

Although most Greek girls are naturally very pretty, they begin to paint and powder at a very early age—cheeks bright red, eyebrows and lashes black and veins delicately blue. The result is that she is a withered old woman at 40, and nowhere are uglier women to be found than beneath the blue skies of lovely Greece.

Next in importance to beauty comes languages. Every Greek family who can afford it keeps a French nurse or maid, and French is universally spoken in society. Painting and music are quite unnecessary, but girls are carefully trained in dancing and drilled to enter a room and sit down with elegance. Lastly, household duties are taught—how to make rose jam, Turkish coffee and various delicate sweetmeats.

An Accommodating Clothier.

I suppose a great many people have wondered whether one-legged men bought shoes by the pair, observes a writer in the Atlanta Journal.

This reminds me of an enterprise of an Atlanta clothing man who, it is said, has never been known to acknowledge that he didn't have anything a possible customer might ask for. One day a customer entered the store and asked if he had any trousers made especially for one-legged men. "Certainly," replied the merchant. "What kind do you want?" "Dress pants." Hurrying into the rear of the store, the enterprising merchant snatched up a pair of trousers and snipped off the right leg with a pair of shears. Hastily turning under the edges he presented them to the customer.

"That's the kind I want. What's the price?"

"Fifteen dollars."

"Well give me a pair with the left leg off."

A month later the merchant was pronounced convalescent and on the high road to recovery.

The Sweet Young Thing.

The woman who fears a mouse, and every daughter of Mother Eve is supposed to, met with a sad fate in a Scovill avenue grocery not long ago, says the Cleveland Plaindealer. She is a young woman of corpulent dimensions, and when the mouse darted across the floor anything like violent exercise was as far from her mind as Saturn from Mars. But when she caught sight of the little whiskered terror she let forth a shriek that jarred down the stove pipe. Then, catching up her draperies in both hands, she leaped onto a soap box, thence with the nimbleness of a mountain goat she sprang to the head of a half-filled molasses barrel. But, alas for her too solid flesh! The head of the barrel gave way, and the maiden with a blood-curdling yell, plunged feet first into the clammy sweetness.

They got her out finally, and then—— But a veil must be drawn on the subsequent proceedings.

"Madam," said a Cleveland tramp the other day, "behold a scholar and a gentleman. In the classics I always carried off all the honors of my class. In Cæsar—"

"Are you familiar with Cæsar?"

"Intimately, ma'am."

"Then if you will cross the Rubicon into the back yard you will find the saw lying by the woodpile."

"Madam, My Cæsar is a revised version. I give a new and improved reading of the familiar text. When I reach that epigrammatic passage, 'I came, I saw, I conquered,' invariably I omit the 'saw.' Good-day, ma'am."

Honesty In Sweden.

In Sweden the people are so honest that no one is afraid of having valuables stolen. So they leave them about anywhere; and even the public tramways have such childlike confidence in the probity of the public that they dispense with conductors and leave the passengers to put their fares in a box. The publication of these interesting facts will probably give a great impulse to emigration to Sweden. Klondike may be all very well, but for picking up an easy competence, when other people are not looking, Sweden is almost better.

A Yorkshire farmer was invited to the funeral of a neighbor's wife. He had attended the other two, and therefore declined the invitation. Being pressed by his own wife to give the reason he said: "Well, it makes a chap awkward, always accepting civilities and never has nowt sooart o' own to ask them back to."

Carpets, floor cloth, rugs, mats, curtains. Bedroom sets in ash and oak. Largest stock in Slocan-Kootenay. CROWLEY, above LEDGE Office, New Denver. Freight paid to all Lake Points and Sandon.

Japanese Footware.

Clatter, clatter, clatter! What a noise the people make as they go along the road! They all wear wooden sandals, and their stockings are a kind of mitten with a finger for the big toe. During wet weather their sandals become stilts, and the whole Japanese nation increases its stature by three inches when it rains. These sandals are held to the foot by straps coming over the toes, and there is a straw sole between the foot and the sandal of wood. A tall Japanese on a stilt sandal closely appproaches the ridiculous. He sometimes tucks up his long gown under his belt to keep it from being spattered by the mud, and the backs of his bare calves seem to be walking off with the man. The Japanese walk is peculiar. The men put their feet straight in front of them like the American Indian. They lift them high off the ground, and they have a get-there air about them. The women waddle and waddle; they bend over as they walk, and they have what is now in America the fashionable stride. Their little feet in sandals turn inward, and all female Japan is pigeon-toed. Your Japanese beauty is not averse to showing her ankle, and the soul of the Japanese beau does not flutter when he sees a two-inch slice of cream-colored skin above the three-inch foot mitten. The Japanese shoe store is one of woodenware rather than of leather, and the cobbler mends his shoe with the chisel and plane.

Keep Out of Yukon.

Souris, Man.—Letters have been received here direct from Dawson City, N. W. T., from Klondike gold seekers from this district. They present a picture so different from that usually given that they are well worth wide attention.

One writer says: "I hardly know what to say to you about this country. There is not the least doubt but that it is a great country, and practically not opened yet. There may be a great many more rich strikes, but what strikes there have been amongst the few and not the multitude. I have this day come in for the purpose of recording a claim of 500 feet I staked on Meadow creek in the Indian River district. There are three districts—Klondike, Stewart and Indian—and one can only record one claim in each district. There may be a fortune in the claim I have just recorded, and there may not be a cent. I know for certain that there is gold—and course at that—on the creek, because I found it. I was not able to go down any lower than three feet on account of the frost. The course gold was found four claims above mine. I panned 30 cents in a claim down creek, so from what I have seen and from the surroundings, I think I have bright prospects. I had to hustle to get it. Wednesday night last the boys were all in Dawson, and I was lying alone in bed trying to sleep, when two fellows met outside my tent and began conversation. One of them was instructed where to go, and camped in the cabin next to me. I didn't sleep much that night, was up next morning at 4, cooked some food, and was by 2.30 p. m. twenty-two miles, carrying fully thirty pounds on my back. I was pretty well fagged out, as I did not stop to get any food on the way. I got the seventh claim, and next morning before I came away she was staked as high as sixteen. I understand she is staked right up to the top by now—about three miles, or thirty claims long."

Says another letter: "Some of us had chances to sell our claims at, not $1,000,000 or so, but $3,000. That don't pay for our time, and we refused. Maybe we were wrong. Some have an interest in other claims somewhere or other. Of course, it is like a lottery—you may strike it and you may not."

Says a third: "With reference to coming out here, if anyone asks you what I advise, just tell them if they have good prospects, are earning a good living, and have a good steady situation, I say stay where they are. Next summer this country will be overdone. There is not the slightest doubt that there will be an awful mob come in. And what are they coming for? People thought they could come in here and just slip onto a claim worth thousands. They forget that there have been five thousand people here long before they ever thought of coming. They may go prospecting, but that costs money. A man can't prospect here on $100. A man can't have less than $1000 ahead of him. I understand there is an awful boom about this country on the outside now. I understand that 5000 people left Seattle alone for here. They will be sorry for it before winter is over, I can assure you. There is certainly going to be a famine. Fifty dollars a day is paid for a team working with a wagon in Dawson City. One lad with a mule carried 350 pounds up to the diggings, and realized $80 for his two day's work. He received 25 cents per pound for packing some of it fifteen miles, and 35 cents per pound for packing some of it twenty-three miles. They are doing that every day here. Feed is very expensive, but good pasture and good hay can be had. Hyde, an old Winnipeger, sold a team of ponies for $675 here two weeks ago, and a better team sold for $1000.

Pictures framed. A large invoice of frames and mouldings just received at Crowley's Furniture Store.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Province of British Columbia, Nelson, West Kootenay, to-wit:

BY VIRTUE of a Warrant of Execution issued out of the County Court of Kootenay at Nelson, in the suit of Kate W. Terrill, Plaintiff, and William Karl, W Wilson and D. Karr, Defendants, and to me directed against the goods and chattels of the Plaintiff, I have seized and taken in execution all the rights, title and interest of said plaintiff, Kate W. Terrill, in the Apis mineral claim, situated near the city of Sandon, B. C., and recorded in the Mining Recorder's office at New Denver, B. C., to recover the sum of $82.00, amount of said execution, besides sheriff's poundage, costs, and all other legal incidental expenses, all of which I shall expose for sale, or sufficient thereof to satisfy said Judgment Debt and Costs, at the front of the Court House, Nelson, on the 15th day of January, A. D. 1898, at the hour of 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated, New Denver, Dec. 23d, 1897.

WILLIAM P. ROBINSON,
Deputy Sheriff.

Note: Intending purchasers will satisfy themselves as to interest and title of said defendants.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Province of British Columbia, Nelson, West Kootenay, to-wit:

BY VIRTUE of a Warrant of Execution issued out of the County Court of Kootenay, at Nelson, in the suit of Anthony D. McGinty, Plaintiff, Archibald B. Docksteader, and to me directed against the goods and chattels of the Plaintiff, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title and interest of said Plaintiff, Anthony D. McGinty, in the Tiptop, Maggie and Nellie D mineral claims, situated about 2½ miles east of Cody, in the south fork of Carpenter creek, in the Slocan Mining Division, and recorded in the Mining Recorder's office at New Denver, B. C. To recover the sum of $71.30, amount of said execution, besides sheriff's poundage, costs and all other legal incidental expenses, all of which I shall expose for sale, or sufficient thereof to satisfy said Judgment Debt and Costs, at the front of the Court House, Nelson, on the 15th day of January, A. D. 1898, at the hour of 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated, New Denver, Dec. 23d, 1897.

WILLIAM P. ROBINSON,
Deputy Sheriff.

Note: Intending purchasers will satisfy themselves as to interest and title of said defendants.

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Arriving daily at Knox Bros., in the shape of—

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Leave your orders early for special designs of Jewelry

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NEW DENVER,

Has been re-opened under new management. With nicely furnished rooms, and good, substantial meals to back them, this hotel expects to acquire a reputatiun second to none in Kootenay. The bar has a full stock of the most modern nerve elevators.

JOHN HALPIN, Prop.
GORMAN WEST, Manager.

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SILVERTON, B.C.

Is a new three-story hotel situated near the wharf. The house is plastered and the rooms are furnished in a manner calculated to make travelers call again. Mining and Commercial men will appreciate the home comforts of this hotel.

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Having placed some new machinery in our Mill, we are prepared to furnish all kinds of rough and dresse

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Rough Lumber, narrow,	$10 00
" " wide,	$11 00 to 12 ..
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A liberal discount on large orders for Cash,

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TENDERS.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned on the 31st December for clearing six acres, more or less, for the Ore Sampling Works at Rosebery. For further particulars apply to A. M. Beattie, on the ground.

BRITISH COLUMBIA ORE SAMPLING CO. LTD.
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An immense assortment of furniture lower than Coast prices, at Crowley's New Denver. Freight paid on order to Sandon and all Slocan points.

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Ship goods to any part of the District. Their store is the largest in the Slocan country.

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to exceed all such propositions. For the sum of $5.00—any kind of a five that will be recognized in monetary circles—we will send THE LEDGE to any address in America for one year and a box of 50 Trail Blazer Cigars. Ponder over this, gentle and refined reader, and send the $5 before this magnificent chance fades into the oblivion of past opportunities. . .

R. T. LOWERY.

An Egyptian Elixir.

By Frank M. Eastman.

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Thou couldst tell us, if that leathern tongue
Could tell what those dim, sightless eyes have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young
And the great deluge still had left it green.
—Horace Smith.

I had been exploring a large rock tomb in the vicinity of Karnak for a number of weeks in the summer of 18—. It was a comparatively old discovery, but owing to the remarkable character of the tomb I had thought it well worth my while to glean for such details as might have escaped the notice of earlier visitors.

The opening to the sepulcher, accidentally discovered, consisted of a straight passage, barely permitting of the entrance of a single individual at a time upon his hands and knees. Its sides were of red granite, beautifully polished, which glittered dazzlingly in the light of the explorer's torch. This entrance ran straight back into the hill for a distance of some 200 feet, when it suddenly opened upon a large vaulted room of circular form, from which there branched numerous galleries of good proportions, leading to other chambers, in which had been found many sarcophagi, mummies and mummy cases, one of the sarcophagi being supposed to be that of Thothmes III, the most glorious monarch of Egyptian history, who erected the obelisk now in Central park, though no mummy had been found within it.

The walls of the passages and chambers were, like those of all of the grander Egyptian tombs, decorated with numerous spirited paintings, the bright colors of which still shone as fresh and lustrous as if they had been laid on but yesterday. It was in this mysterious abode of death that I had been long engaged, copying inscriptions and paintings, searching for new passages and re-examining the old ones, with an enthusiasm which only an ardent Egyptologist can experience.

I had at length nearly finished my investigations, and, in fact, the day of which I am about to speak was to have been my last in the tomb, there remaining but one picture to copy, and that upon the wall of a remote gallery. Accordingly, at about noon I found myself before the picture in question, palette in hand, surrounded by a group of fellahs in my employ, the flickering light of whose torches gave their somber faces a sufficiently Dantesque expression.

The picture I was copying was of a very common type, representing a train of long haired captives defiling before a king whom I supposed to be Thothmes, but as the hieroglyphics connected with the picture were very obscure this would take some time to determine. While painting away industriously, and sometimes reduced almost to despair in my attempts to mix colors as bright as those before me, I noticed that the paint had blistered or peeled off a little just at the point of the king's nose. As I had never noticed paint scaling from other pictures, I got up to examine the place. Taking hold of a projecting scale, I gave it a slight pull, when, to my surprise, perhaps a square foot of the paint came away, revealing the granite wall behind, and in that wall a seam or joint.

With a cry of pleasure I tore, pried and dug the paint away for a distance of some feet and disclosed the outline of a door or passageway which had been

He bent over the body.

filled with one immense stone, which fitted its place so closely that the point of a penknife could hardly have been inserted between the stone and the solid rock of the gallery. Beyond an entrance so carefully closed and concealed there must be new and rare treasures, and it was with considerable excitement that I began to consider how to remove the obstacle in the passageway. Pressure, I found, had no effect upon it, and there remained no way but to blast it. I accordingly sent for drills and sledges, and soon had two gangs of fellahs at work sinking two holes on each side of the slab.

By taking advantage of the almost imperceptible interstices between the stone and the wall the work was somewhat accelerated, and several hours' labor resulted in two holes some eight inches deep. These I half filled with powder, properly tamped the charges, inserted fuses, lit them and retired with due promptitude. The deep silence of perhaps a minute was at length broken by a deafening crash, followed by interminable echoes and a strong blast of sulphurous air.

Allowing time for the fumes of the powder to dissipate, we returned and found the great slab had been hurled inward, where it lay, broken into several pieces, upon the floor of a noble corridor of great width and height.

Seizing a torch from one of the bearers, I sprang forward into the newly opened passage without a thought of the possible presence of foul air or poisonous gases. Luckily there was neither. A moment's examination satisfied me that this was the real or main tomb, to which the other had merely served as an antechamber or perhaps had been placed there as a blind to deceive those who might search for the principal structure. Here the passages were unusually spacious and lofty and were decorated with paintings far excelling, both in design and coloring, those I had been copying.

Nervously pressing on down the passage, which was crossed at intervals by others as lofty as itself, I came finally to an immense vaulted chamber of octagonal form, in the midst of which stood a huge sarcophagus of highly polished syenite. At its head there glittered a huge golden ibis, its long neck curved in graceful folds and the slender, curved bill pointing downward toward the place where the heart of the inclosed mummy would naturally have been. About the sides of the apartment stood eight other stone coffins, but smaller and of red granite instead of syenite.

As the sight of these objects burst upon me by the flickering torchlight I felt myself trembling with excessive emotion. Here was, it might be, the greatest Egyptological discovery since the finding of the Rosetta stone. No intruder before me had ever disturbed the silence of this most awful sepulcher. Nor Cambyses nor Alexander nor any of the long list of the conquerors of Egypt had penetrated the secret of this rock hewn abode of the dead. Since the deep and solemn chorus of the departing priests of Osiris had died away in hollow echoes through the long corridors about them no sound had broken the silence of the ancient dead. What if they were to wake and ask me of the doings of the world since they had slumbered there? Not history's self could answer them.

These and similar thoughts flashed through my mind, mixed with a triumphant feeling of exultation and self gratulation. But it was already late. I had eaten nothing since morning and my fellahs were tired and grumbling, so I was compelled to abandon my discoveries until the morrow, though sorely against my will. So jealous was I of my findings that, after seeing all of my workmen out of the tomb, I had my tent pitched before the outer entrance, in order that none might gain access to the new treasures which were within the inner chambers.

After a restless night I was up with the dawn, and, eating a hasty breakfast, hastened to the scene of my discovery, but before repairing thither I sent a messenger to Professor Batesi, who was then considered the greatest living Egyptologist, and who was superintending some excavations at a point about ten miles from my camp, announcing my discovery and begging him to come to me at once. This was an unselfish act on my part, as I knew very well that the scientific world would be apt to give him entire credit for my discoveries if he were to arrive on the scene so soon and should desire to appropriate my laurels, but my delight was so great that I felt the necessity of a companion to share it with me.

The first task I set for myself was the removal of the grand central sarcophagus. I had pretty well made up my mind that this was the real coffin of Thothmes III and that the one found in the outer tomb had been merely a blind. I sent to my camp for tackle and a small derrick so constructed as to be capable of being taken apart in small pieces and readily put together. While awaiting its arrival I examined the great golden ibis closely. It was apparently of solid gold, ten feet high, and the finest specimen of the goldsmith's art I had ever seen. The modeling was perfect and the minuteness of the work remarkable. The tiniest feathers, the smallest scales on the long, slender legs, were reproduced with scrupulous exactness. "There has never been found anything to compare with it," I said exultantly to myself.

In a short time the men returned with the apparatus, the derrick was erected and clamps were placed across the polished surface of the massive lid. At my command the men at the windlass began to turn, and the great slab rose slowly from its place and was lowered carefully to the floor. Leaping upon a coil of rope at hand, I looked down into the sarcophagus. As I did so the light from my torch brilliantly reflected from a huge mummy case of apparently solid and massy gold. As is usual with mummy cases, the head of the case was modeled into the form of a face. These faces are supposed to be likenesses of the inclosed mummies as they looked in life. The face was that of a man still young, of pleasing and yet commanding presence. Two crystals inserted for eyes gave it a lifelike and almost terrifying appearance. The case was carved with many and elaborate designs and was studded with the bodies of many scarabs, which were set deep in the gold

These details I observed at a glance, but an object lying at the side of the vase and partly upon it now attracted my attention. This was a large vase or flask of the purest rock crystal, elaborately carved with mystical devices, which was filled with a limpid, colorless fluid—perhaps four or five quarts—which seemed to be luminous. At least it reflected the torchlight with an intensity that was almost blinding. It was a wholly novel discovery. Sarcophagi and mummies were common enough, but never had I seen or heard of the finding of anything like this. Had I found it in a Grecian or Roman tomb, I might have called it a lachrymal vase, but so far as I knew no such utensil was used by the Egyptians.

Reaching down into the great stone box, I managed to grasp the flask and take it up. As I held it aloft the fellahs set up a terrified shout as the light of their torches was reflected from it in streams of dazzling brilliancy.

"Body of Bacchus! So you are neither crazy nor hoaxing."

It was the voice of my friend, Dr. Batesi, who entered the tomb at this moment.

Dr. Batesi was an Italian, some 65 years of age, though yet vigorous and of an extremely nervous temperament. His figure was tall, but thin and gaunt, and his meager face was decorated by a long and flowing white beard. His eyes were small, bright and restless. Any one would have readily known him as an enthusiast in whatever study he might be interested. He always spoke in a jerky, excitable manner, and his usually nervous demeanor was now heightened a dozenfold by the strange nature of our surroundings.

"No, you're not crazy. But, great heavens! What a discovery!"

"Yes," I replied, striving hard to appear cool. "I think this is something of a find. See here." And I made way for him to stand upon the coil of rope in order that he might look down into the sarcophagus.

As the glittering mummy case met his sight he began a series of ejaculations in his native tongue, apparently unconscious of my presence. At length he somewhat regained his composure, and the crystal flask in my hand attracted his attention.

"What is that?" he demanded.

"I do not know. I found it inside the sarcophagus. Did you ever see anything like it before?"

He did not answer me, but, snatching the vase from my hand, began to examine it very closely, at the same time muttering excitedly to himself. His inspection lasted some time. Finally his face brightened and assumed an expression of decision.

"It may be. It is possible," he said, still speaking to himself. "Why not? Do not the records of Manetho say so? It is not so improbable after all. Come, come, we shall soon know."

"Come," he said, turning to me, "we must see that mummy. Let us get the case out as soon as possible."

I gave the necessary orders to my men, and the derrick was once more called into requisition to lift the heavy case from the sarcophagus.

"Do you suppose this is Thothmes?" I inquired while the men were occupied with this task.

"It is no more Thothmes," he replied, "than it is Habakkuk. It is Nef-Rah, a high priest of Osiris, of the eighteenth dynasty," pointing at the same time to a hieroglyph carved on the massive case, which I had overlooked by reason of its size, extending from one end of the case nearly to the other.

In a few moments the heavy case was on the stone floor and the massive golden cover was removed, revealing not the ordinary swathed and bandaged mummy, but a naked body floating in an oily substance which emitted an aromatic smell. If I had expected renewed evidence of excitement from the doctor, I was disappointed. His features assumed a set expression, and he bent over the body without uttering a syllable.

"This liquid," I exclaimed excitedly, "is"—

"Honey," replied the doctor. Then he continued as if to himself: "As I expected. Come! The ancients were not all fools nor all liars. It is 1 o'clock—a great day, a great day!"

The body, as the mummy case had foretold, was that of a young man of pleasing appearance and majestic figure, the flesh still firm and plump, with no evidences of decay. The body appeared to have been unmutilated by the hands of the embalmers. There was no incision on the flank to evidence the removal of the viscera, and the plumpness of the closed eyelids led to the presumption that the eyes were still in their sockets. There was positively no evidence of death about the body, unless it were a certain rigidity, but otherwise it might have been mistaken for the person of some expert swimmer sleeping on the surface of his bath.

"Send your men for some food, a half dozen bottles of wine and plenty of water and towels," said the doctor in an unnatural voice.

I had overlooked the fact that it was past dinner time and hastened to give the necessary orders to my men, though what the doctor wanted of towels I could not imagine. The required articles were soon brought.

"Now dismiss all your men," continued the doctor in the same strained tone of voice.

I obeyed as unquestioningly as the wedding guest obeyed the Ancient Mariner, and the men, after depositing a number of lighted torches about the chamber, retired. After their footsteps had died away in the long corridors, the doctor began to pace slowly up and down the room. Finally he spoke:

"How many kinds of mummies have you found in your discoveries?"

"Why," I replied, "three kinds, if you mean the manner of their preparation."

"And they were?"

"Why, the first class have all the viscera and the brains removed, the cavities filled with resins and spices, and have been steeped in natron for a long time. The second have only the brains removed and the viscera injected with oil of cedar. These were also steeped in natron, as we suppose. The third kind were apparently just salted down for a certain length of time. These are all the kinds I am familiar with."

"And have you found and seen no other kind?"

"No."

"Well, there was a fourth kind. It is so written in the book of Manetho. I have always believed it to be a lie of the priests. We are about to see whether it was such in fact or not. The priests claimed to have a process by which they could arrest animation indefinitely, and that they could, after the lapse of ages, restore life to a body in which existence had been suspended by the use of a certain liquor, if the body were kept from external injury. The only thing that has seemed to substantiate this claim has been the fact that a few bodies have been discovered at widely different times which bore none of the ordinary marks of embalming, from which the viscera and brain had not been removed and which were nevertheless in a better state of preservation than mummies which had been carefully embalmed. I say such bodies have been discovered. I should say, rather, that it is claimed that they have been discovered, but as I never saw one or any one who had I have been inclined to doubt the fact. This body settles the matter. I doubt no more."

"I remember now that I have heard something to the same effect," I replied, "but I do not see that this substantiates the claim of the priests to be able to suspend animation and to restore it after the lapse of ages."

"There are none so blind as those who will not see," he replied testily. "Do you not perceive that the reason that these bodies have never been restored to life is either that the knowledge of their resting places has been lost in the lapse of ages or that the recipe by which they were to be revived has been forgotten?"

"Well?" I said stupidly.

"Well, is there anything more probable than that this is one of those bodies and that the contents of this vase is the medicine by which it can be restored to life?"

I stared at my companion in amazement. His words sounded like nonsense, but his manner was calm—unusually calm—and after all the idea was not wholly absurd. There are more things

I flung it far down one of the unexplored corridors.

in heaven and earth than our philosophy dreams of. It might be as he said.

"You see," continued the doctor, "that this man was wise in his day and generation and very prudently directed the medicine that was to restore him to life to be entombed with him."

"Do you suppose he began his long sleep, if it is one, voluntarily?"

"Hardly. It may have been a punishment for betraying some secret of the priesthood or a religious rite, the subject of which was selected by lot. But that is mere conjecture."

"Does it not seem impossible to you as a medical man?" I queried.

"My friend," was the reply, "it is only the student of medicine who appreciates how little is known of the human body. It seems improbable, yes, wildly improbable; impossible, no."

"Very well, then," I exclaimed, filled with a rising belief and enthusiasm, "let us try to resuscitate this citizen of the primeval world."

"To work!" ejaculated the doctor, turning to the body.

We first lifted it from the case and laid it upon a piece of canvas which was to have been our tablecloth. In doing so we found it was not so stiff as we had supposed. It was, in fact, limp and yielding, like that of a person in some forms of epilepsy. We then proceeded to wipe it dry with our towels. The flesh was firm and natural, though cold as the clods of the valley.

"But how shall we use the liquid?" I inquired.

"Why, there are but two ways of using it—externally and internally. I can probably tell from the odor whether it is dangerous to give internally. There is enough of it, I should think, for both uses."

So saying, the doctor, after some difficulty, removed the stopper, which had been sealed with natron. As he did so a light, luminous vapor arose from the flask, filling the chamber with a delicate perfume, like mingled ether and crushed apple seeds. For a moment the scent made me giddy, but this soon passed away.

"We will first rub it with the liquid. After that I will try to pry its mouth open and pour some down its throat."

We began rubbing the body. For a long time we worked in silence. It was hard work, and the perspiration was soon flowing from us in streams. An hour had passed and no result was apparent.

"I'm afraid it's no use," I said at last. "I don't see any indication of life."

"Keep it up," said the doctor sternly. "Do you suppose that one is easily awakened after a sleep of 30 centuries?"

So we continued our work for some time. I was nearly exhausted, when a cry from the doctor attracted my attention.

"Look, look!" he cried, pointing to a place upon the right thigh of the body.

I looked at the place indicated. As I did so the doctor pressed upon the spot with some force. A paleness resulted, followed, as he removed his thumb, by a slow tide of returning color.

"Almighty God!" I cried. "He lives! He lives!"

The doctor was silent.

It would be impossible to describe my sensations on perceiving this indication of returning animation. Coupled with exultation at the success of our experiment and the magnitude of our discovery was a nameless horror at the thought of the personality of the being whom we were about to restore to life. Readers of De Quincey's opium dreams will remember the horror with which "the tremendous, the horrible antiquity" of the countries of Asia inspired him as vividly as they recall his "cancerous kisses of the crocodile." Such an indefinable horror now possessed me. The being before me had lived and loved, had thought and dreamed, had hoped and longed and feared before the dawn of history, when the earth was peopled with strange races whose very names had been forgotten long eons ago, when the flood was a matter of yesterday and the tower of Babel an existing wonder of the world, and yet I now saw before my eyes the tide of life, stagnant for ages, once more beginning to course within his veins.

Antiquity had not begun
Long ere his primeval race was run.

He seemed to belong neither to the living nor the dead. He was a frightful anomaly. I sickened with horror, but still continued mechanically to chafe his limbs.

After the lapse of some minutes, which were accompanied by increasing evidences of the return of circulation, the doctor opened the firmly compressed lips and with his penknife easily pried the teeth apart and poured several drops of the liquid down the throat of the body. The effect of this was soon evidenced by a very slight but yet perceptible respiration. There was no longer room for doubt, if indeed there had been any before. The man lived.

The doctor was still silent, and in the whirl of my thoughts I was incapable of speech. We renewed our rubbings with the liquor, and the respirations grew stronger and stronger. At last they were quite normal. The doctor poured a few drops of the cordial down the throat.

"We may rest now," he said.

I threw myself on the floor and think I must have fainted from the exhaustive labor, the tumult of my thoughts and the heat of the chamber. At any rate I was unconscious for some time.

When I regained consciousness, the Egyptian (for now that he was alive I suppose he should be properly so called) was breathing easily and naturally as though in a profound sleep. The doctor was seated on the floor, his back against a sarcophagus, looking intently at the crystal flask which he held in his hand. Its contents, about one-half of which had been exhausted, sparkled brightly in the torchlight.

I arose and approached my friend. As I did so I noticed something alarming in his appearance. His features were set and drawn, while his eyes glittered with a light that was fearful in the wild intensity of their glare. I hesitated to speak and stood looking irresolutely at him for some minutes. He seemed unconscious of my presence. From time to time he would mutter in a hoarse and inarticulate voice.

In the hope that he might become more composed if left to himself, and in order to distract my own excited thoughts, I turned my attention to the Egyptian. His respirations had become somewhat shorter, and a slight twitching of his eyelids was apparent. Sitting down beside him and taking his head in my lap, I knocked off the neck of the bottle of wine and poured some of its contents down his throat, at the same time pinching the epiglottis to make him swallow. The effect of the draft was soon evidenced by an increased color in the swarthy cheek, and in a few minutes, while I watched him closely, the eyelids trembled and with great effort slowly opened, and two great eyes of intense blackness stared solemnly into mine.

There could have been nothing more natural than for the man to have opened his eyes after having been restored to consciousness, yet this action, natural as it was, affected me more than the first discovered indications of life. A cold wave swept along my spine, and my heart paused until I thought it would never resume its pulsations.

On what prehistoric scenes had those inscrutable eyes last gazed before they looked into mine? What awful events, forgotten ere yet a pyramid was founded, what mystic rites, what mighty men of old long sunk into oblivion, had been mirrored in those hideously ancient orbs?

It was as though the sphinx had awakened from her granite sleep and looked upon me. Luckily for me I was not called upon to long endure that awesome gaze. The eyelids fell, and, as if exhausted by the effort of opening his eyes, the Egyptian's respiration soon evidenced that he was again sleeping. I laid his head upon a fold of the canvas and arose to my feet. As I did so a cry from the doctor attracted my attention. He had arisen and was pacing feverishly about the tomb.

"Oh, fools and madmen!" he cried. "Oh, blind and more than blind! Idiots and imbeciles! What have we done, asses that we are? What have we done?"

I stared at my friend in terror and amazement. His words were those of a madman, and the glitter of his eye and the frenzy of his manner were in keeping. While I still stared he continued his ejaculations in a half dozen languages, gesticulating wildly, throwing his hands aloft, tearing his hair and darting about the chamber.

"Do you know what this is?" at length he cried in a terrible voice, advancing toward me with the flask held aloft.

"Of course not," I replied, striving to appear calm and self possessed.

"Of course you do not," he answered with a sneer. "Of course you do not. How should an imbecile like you know what it is? What should it be? What is it but the real elixir vitæ, the elixir of life, the wine of youth, the medicine of immortality, so long sought and never found! That's what it is, and that's what we have been wasting on that mummy carcass there instead of treasuring it for the preservation of our own lives through countless ages. And why not," he cried, his voice rising to a scream, as he turned fiercely to me, "why not for all eternity, for, in the long ages of existence that this will give us shall we not be able to discover the ingredients of which it is made and the manner in which it is concocted? Eternity! Eternity!" he screamed. "An eternity of life is ours!"

A cold, icy horror seized me. There could be no doubt of my companion's insanity. He was a raving maniac. The exciting events of the last few hours had been too much for his highly wrought nervous system. I was alone with him, far from human aid, and where no sound or cry of mine could reach the ear of man. To what extremity might not this insanity drive him? I was unarmed, and, though a stronger man than he, yet I knew that insanity lends a strength almost superhuman. There was nothing to do but to strive to appear calm and if possible quiet him.

"So you really think this must be the elixir of life?" I inquired calmly.

"Of course it is," he cried. "Do you suppose it will restore life to that carrion there after 30 centuries or more and not prolong the life of one already living? Yes, it is the true elixir, the true fountain of youth." Here his ravings became incoherent and so continued for some time.

"Well, it may be as you say, doctor," I said at length. "But let us first get this fellow fully resuscitated and get out of here as soon as we can. Heavens! Think what fame will be ours when we introduce to the world a living priest of the eighteenth dynasty!"

"Resuscitate that dog!" he screamed. "Waste on him any more of the precious fluid which means thousands of years of life to us! No, no! Let him sleep as he has slept. All that a man has will he give for his life, and here is life, life, life—thousands of years of it!

"Why should you have any of it?" he continued, casting a look of deep malignity upon me. "Why should you enjoy what you did not discover? You would never have suspected the true nature of the liquor. You would have wasted it all on that carcass there. No, no! You have no right to it. It is all mine. Millions of years of life, and all mine!"

"You are welcome to it all, doctor, if you wish it," I managed to say. "I am not enamored with life enough to desire to prolong it indefinitely. I am satisfied with my allotted length of days. But now let us get out of here if you do not wish to carry our experiment further."

"Very well, then," he cried. "It is all mine. Eternity is mine. I must begin upon it now, before I am a moment older. From this moment I become as one of the gods. I drink," he said, lifting the flask to his lips, "to immortality!" A bright green glare shot from the vase as he held it aloft.

Forgetful of danger I sprang forward to intercept his draft, fully believing that a medicine so powerful as we had found this to be would be fatal to a living man, and, determined to save my friend's life at whatever risk to my own, I leaped forward, snatched the flask from his hands and flung it far down one of the unexplored corridors. For an instant he stood as if thunderstruck.

Then with incredible quickness and without uttering a word he drew a stiletto from his breast, plunged it into my bosom and darted down the corridor. I fell fainting to the floor, but before I lost consciousness I heard a long, blood curdling scream, followed by a deathly silence, and I knew no more.

I returned to consciousness in the humble hut of a fellah near the scene of my explorations, whither I had been conveyed by my men, who had found me insensible in the thick darkness of the vaulted chamber. I had hovered for weeks between life and death, but the anxious care of a physician whom the Scientific society had sent me on hearing of my wound finally restored me to consciousness and life. No tidings of Dr. Batesi had been received.

As soon as I was able I revisited the tomb. Of its former treasures not an atom remained. The wretched fellahs, who are not permitted to sell any of the treasures of antiquity which they may discover, had taken all away to dismember them at their leisure, in order to sell the fragments surreptitiously to tourists. The body of the priest had disappeared with the other contents of the tomb.

Feebly and disconsolately I crawled along one of the corridors which seemed to me to be the one down which I had thrown the crystal vase. Suddenly my torchbearer, who was in advance, started back with a cry of horror. Advancing cautiously, I found myself looking down into a wide pit which was sunk perpendicularly in the center of the passage. I threw a pebble down it, but no sound of its fall returned to my ears from the thick blackness below.

As I turned, weary and sick at heart, my foot struck a soft object. It was a light felt hat. I knew it and its owner's fate.

The next day found me on my way to the dahabeah which was to take me down the Nile. After my litter had been placed on board, looking up at the bank I chanced to see a tall, majestic figure, richly clad in garments of strange and ancient fashion, gazing intently upon the boat, and, as it seemed, at me.

"Who is that man?" I asked my servant.

"He is a stranger, excellency, a newcomer. They call him Neffar. He is very wise, they say, very wise and very rich, but he talks little. Some say he has the evil eye, but I do not know."

The dahabeah cast off from the shore and with a favoring breeze shot swiftly down the stream. As we swept downward I kept my eyes on the grand, imposing figure of the stranger as his gaze followed the boat until a bend in the river shut him from view.

"Strange," I said to the doctor at my side, "what hallucinations sick men have. Now I almost thought that"—

"Yes, they are strange," he replied.

THE END.

FELLOW TRAVELERS.

I fain would have thee stay, old year,
For, oh, my heart is sore!
This night we say farewell, old year,
Farewell forever more!
How can I let thee pass, old year,
The threshold of my door?

For when thou farest forth, old year
Thou wilt not go alone,
But only I shall see, old year,
Upon the threshold stone
The footprints in the snow, old year,
Trod deep beside thine own!

There's one that journeys forth, old year,
With thee across the snow,
That hand in hand with thee, old year,
Out at my door will go,
But only I shall know, old year,
But only I shall know!

And new year's snows will fall, old year,
And drift my threshold o'er,
And new year's suns will rise, old year,
And shine upon my floor.
The feet that pass this night, old year,
Go forth for evermore!

—Mary A. M. Marks in Temple Bar.

SEAMAN'S FAITH.

Many, many years ago, on the coast of the Baltic sea, where the beautiful wooded mountains of the resort Zoppot raise their heads, there lived a heathen fisher named Trasiko. Wild and rude as the sea which, autumn and spring, broke in storm lashed fury on the dunes, was the old man; weather hardened were his soul and hand; defiant and inexorable as the cliffs, his character; no man had ever heard a good word from his mouth. His hut was built high on the sand, forlorn and frail, a plaything for the tempest that roared around it and a coveted prey of the waves that struggled up higher toward it every year and eagerly tore away piece after piece of the narrow dune that was the foot and support of the hill. Yes, the sea was like a cunning and faithless woman who stretched out her white arms threateningly and coaxingly to the fisher; who, full of enticing favor threw the rich treasures of shipwrecked vessels into his lap, and then, with impatient haste, strove to draw him and all his precious belongings down to her in the cool, death still, crystal palace. Trasiko knew the mighty deities who often raised their snow crowned heads above the water, angry or smiling, wreathed with rushes in the sunshine or driving furiously in their shell formed chariots over the waves at night, amid thunder and lightning. He made sacrifices to them when he needed their help and reviled them when they refused it.

The old man had stored up great wealth in his cabin during the long years, but the loveliest pearl that ever man's eyes looked upon did not lie with these treasures of the dead, but stood like an angel of light, living and blossoming on the hill, gazing with longing blue eyes out upon the sea as if she were sure of seeing a sail loom up at last upon the horizon with "Deliverance" as skipper and "Happiness" as cargo. Swanada was the fisher's golden haired daughter, the most beautiful flower that had ever sprung from this stern cliff land, the valued goal toward which the youths of the coast and of the neighboring islands made their way through wind and waves.

But Trasiko kept his hard hand on the lovely flower and inspected the suitors with his cunning, greedy eyes. There was none rich enough to purchase such a wonder plant.

Swanada took it with indifference. Her face showed an occasional fleeting shadow, but in her heart all remained peaceful and cool. She waited for him whom she had seen in dreams, earnest and convincing, gentle and proud at once. A dark cloak hung from his shoulders. Where his boat tossed the sea sparkled and the clouds of heaven changed to gold and floated in the shape of a cross above the stranger's head. Hi! How the tempest shrieks, how the sea thunders against the shore!

Trasiko leans his bearded chin on both hands and curses the gods. He knows how the bare teeth of the sea eat into the coast. Then he hurries down eagerly. It seems to him that he sees by the glare of the lightning a small boat battling with the waves.

When he returns, his face is sterner than usual and his back is bent with an unaccustomed burden. He drags a youth with him—he knows not if it is god or man. Precaution urged him to the rescue that he might not risk ruining himself completely with the all powerful spirits.

Swanada lifts the firebrand, and as she looks on the stranger's face it seems to her that a warm sunbeam has suddenly fallen into her heart. It becomes bright in the cottage, as if it were bathed in flaming purple light. It comes from the little cross that glows on the seaman's breast.

And when the sun shone again in the heavens the young Christlieb looked into the blue eyes of the heathen fisher maid; two hearts were exchanged, a troth was plighted for time and eternity and sworn to upon the cross. The foreign seaman went boldly to Trasiko and asked him for the hand of his daughter. He was poor, he said. He came from far beyond the sea to find amber on the Baltic coast.

Then came a shrill, evil laugh from the old man's lips.

"Go your way home again," he cried scornfully. "I have never met one who could dig up gold with his finger nails. He who would marry my daughter must do something more than hunt for scraps of yellow resin."

"And what shall I do, Father Trasiko? The work is too hard that is done for my love and God. Christ and all the saints will help me."

Sharp as a dagger's point were the fisher's eyes. His glance swept over the shore, from which the tide had again torn a large piece. After a minute the sand dune slid down after it, and Trasiko's hut sank nearer to the sea. It was an instant thought for the old man that he must set to work and build himself a new nest. He laughed defiantly:

"If your gods can [illegible], you boaster, then make this dune firm in spite of the sea. Then I will give you Swanada."

Christlieb was white.

"Father Trasiko, such a thing is impossible," he stammered.

"Then go your way, you dullard, and put Swanada out of your mind."

"And will you keep your word?"

Again the old man laughed loudly.

"I will be food for the fishes on the day that I break it."

"Give me a twelvemonth for it."

Trasiko nodded crossly. He saw how the young man's eyes shone as if with prophecy. Who could tell, perhaps the Christian gods were more willing to help their own than were the unfriendly water spirits.

So they parted.

As the little boat was again launched in the foaming tide Christlieb threw himself on his knees and prayed: "Give me a sign, O merciful Saviour, to tell me if thou wilt bless my work and bring thy holy cross to everlasting honor on this coast. Then will I go out into the world comforted, knowing that I shall return to happiness."

And as he turned his head again to look back a joyful "Hosanna!" burst from his lips, for up on the dunes stood Swanada and stretched out her arms longingly, so that her figure was outlined against the sky in the form of a slender cross.

Thus the saints answered his prayer.

Christlieb laid down to rest in his boat and saw a wonderful dream picture. An island projected from the blue sea, sandy and unsafe like the hillock upon which Trasiko's hut was built. The loose earth sank into the waves, breaking up and dissolving in utter helplessness. Then down from the clouds came a bright angel bearing in his hands an insignificant looking gray plant, thorny and hard, with wonderfully jagged leaves. He planted it in the arid sand, one little stalk beside another. And see there, with what magic power it shoots up and becomes a strong interlaced wall that holds the earth firmly together with its network of 1,000 roots! And the angel turned his smiling face toward the young seaman and pointed to the work of his hands.

Christlieb awoke and thanked God and praised him. Then he set forth to find the island through the boundless seas of the world.

The sun rose and sank again into the water; stars watched over the solitary little boat and threatening clouds thickened around the mast; storm and tempest played their wild game and pulled at the golden anchor of faith which love and the vision had cast in the heart of the young seaman.

At last he espied it, the longed for island, standing high and uneven above the sea, glistening in the light of the morning sun. The seaman raised his hands joyfully and cried, "God be praised, I have found thee, thou promised angel's land!"

There grew the gray, thorny weed that was to give him his happiness, and he uprooted the plants and loaded his vessel to the edge with them until there was scarcely room for himself. "Hoist the sail—yo ho!—and away for the distant coast of the Baltic!"

Hi! How the waves rose; how the white foam crests beat in anger against the weak timber! And what torment to be confined to the narrow place for days and weeks, stung until he bled by the sharp leaves and thorns whenever he moved, wounds on all his limbs, a very torture chair! Should he throw the weed overboard, goaded as he was by the unceasing pain? No; rather let their needles draw his last drop of blood. But the task became harder and harder.

The sun burned; the gray thistles drooped their wilted heads. With a prayer Christlieb reached for his last flask of water and shared it with his charges. Then shone a rainbow in the sky, and a wind sprang up and carried the little ship, as if with magic bands, to the faraway shore.

"Swanada! Swanada!"

There she stood, weeping for happiness, and stretched out her arms to her loved one.

Christlieb planted the thistles on the shore of the Baltic sea, and Trasiko's dunes were as firm as the cliffs. The old man's heart was softened when he saw the power of the Christian's God, and he laid the hand of his daughter in that of the young seaman.

Bright glowed the sea with purple and gold. Through the thistles there surged and rustled a sound as of a thousand voiced psalter, and on the hill the first cross was raised.

Many hundred years have passed. On the strand of Zoppot the bells of the Lord ring; the golden sign of faith shines from the tower of the church. No trace is to be found on the white sand of Trasiko's hut. It is gone, and long, long forgotten. But one thing remains—the gray thistle, the protector of the dunes, that was once brought with pain from over the sea. It grows and spreads as a legacy left by the true seaman. The book of Christlieb, but to this day the noisy, unlovely weed, which we know as sea holly, is called in the language of the people "seaman's faith."—From the German For Short Stories.

Contrasts.

Statistics show that the uneducated factory girl is more frequently married than is the wide awake, cultivated girl in the higher salaried positions of stenographer, office assistant, clerk or trusted secretary. The factory girl is not thrown with people of wealth and position so much as is her more talented sister, and consequently when some honest man comes along she is ready to trust her future with his in a simple, even shabby, little home. But the girl who sees, day by day, the rustle of my lady's silks and the courtly manners of my lady's husband and sons will not be content to give up her salary, however difficult it may be to earn it, for the sake of being loved by a man who may not find her so charming when the rent is overdue and the babies need new shoes, so she stays on, [illegible]

MAKING GOLD.

Follow the Indian Alchemists' Methods and, Presto! You Are Rich.

For a long time in India the apparent transmutation of tin, zinc, copper and mercury into precious metals has been practiced. We have seen there with our own eyes a metal like gold issuing from the crucible of the Indian alchemists—a metal that could not be told from real gold by means of the touchstone. We may say, however, that in old India, as well as in young America, they have not yet succeeded in giving to the metal thus obtained the chemical properties of gold. On this point they are not more advanced in the one country than in the other, and the problem seems to us not to be near solution. The metal obtained can, in fact, be decomposed into its constituent elements. Nevertheless, it may be interesting to present to public notice the Indian alchemists and to describe their methods. Around these personages many legends have sprung up. The people assert that they never come into a city except by divine inspiration in order to cure illness and to enrich certain persons. There is a belief among the Hindoos, very widespread, but purely fabulous, that they disappear at certain hours to rejoin the cittars—divine naturalists of the early ages of India, who, according to Hindoo tradition, meet with their divinity, Hari Ishari, on the summits of the Himalayas, to learn the secrets of nature.

The following is the method employed by these Indian alchemists to make their gold. We give literally, conforming to the weights and measures in use in India, the list of substances necessary for this delicate operation. These are, according to our documents:

Sulphur of Nelli-Kai (Phylanthus lemblica), 24 rupees weight (7 ounces).

White seeds of Abra precatorius, 9 rupees weight (2¼ ounces).

One whole garlic.

Cinnabar, 6 rupees weight (2 ounces).

English orpiment, 6 rupees weight.

Sal ammoniac, 6 rupees weight.

These are powdered separately, and then a paste is made of the whole, with three quarts of "paddy" made of the milky juice of Asclepias gigantea. The whole is ground up with this milk. Then little hard balls are made of the mixture, and finally two sattis are taken of fine, hard earthenware, of such size that the material to be distilled occupies only one-third or one-fourth of the vessel. On the lower vessel another satti is soldered with potter's earth, after an opening has been made in the end of this second vase. Over this hole is fitted a bottle whose end is pierced, and it is carefully sealed to the vase. Into the lower vase are put the little balls described above, and the whole is then sealed up.

The powder, when vaporized, rises along the sides of the bottle and condenses around the hole. It is collected with a feather. Then zinc is taken. For each rupee's weight of zinc is allowed a quantity of the powder as large as two or three rice grains. The zinc and the powder are wrapped up together in a bit of paper or linen or a leaf. The whole is put into a crucible, which is then sealed with a paste composed of one part of cow dung, one of charcoal and one of potter's earth. This is placed on a fire of wood charcoal and heated white hot, after which it is allowed to cool. Open the crucible—you are a rich man.—Paris Cosmos.

Keeps Them Down.

Hobson—I sent a half dollar to that concern which advertised an appliance for keeping gas bills down, and got it this morning.

Dobson—What did they send you?

Hobson—A paperweight.—New York Commercial

Not Needed.

"I have here a neat and pretty little letter opener," began the agent.

"So have I at home," said the business man sadly. "I'm married."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS

Reciprocity Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: Twenty-five miles west of Kootenay Lake and about 10 miles east of Slocan Lake, and about four miles south of Seaton Creek, a westerly extension of the Maid of Erin.

TAKE NOTICE, that I, Charles A. Stoess of Kaslo, B. C., acting as agent for the Slocan Reciprocity Mining Co., foreign, free miner's certificate Fo. 84,829, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the mining recorder for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action as under Section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 30th day of November, 1897.

Lillian No. 4 Mineral Claim.

Situated in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On Payne Mountain slide.

TAKE NOTICE, that I, Charles A. Stoess of Kaslo, B. C., acting as agent for the Slocan Reciprocity Mining Co., foreign, free miner's certificate No. 81,829, intend sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 30th day of November, 1897.

Ocean Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: Near Maid of Erin on Payne Mountain adjoining said claim on West.

TAKE NOTICE, that I, Charles A. Stoess of Kaslo, B. C., acting as agent for D. W. Moore, free miner's certificate No. 15703 and Jas. Waugh, free miner's certificate No. 77,622, intend sixty days from date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action under Section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 30th day of November, 1897.

Silver Star Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On Four Mile Creek at mouth of Granite Creek, adjoining the Mountain Boomer.

TAKE NOTICE that I, R. E. Palmer, acting as agent for the Vancouver Group Mining Co., free miner's certificate No. 94120, intend 60 days from date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action under section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 18th day of November, 1897.

R. E. PALMER, P. L. S.

Vancouver Fraction Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On south side of Four Mile Creek, adjoining the Vancouver No. 2 and the Zilor claims.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Robert E. Palmer, acting as agent for the Vancouver Group Mining Co., free miner's certificate No. 94420, intend sixty days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action under section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 18th day of November, 1897.

R. E. PALMER, P. L. S.

Napier Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On south side of Four Mile Creek, adjoining the Mountain Boomer on the west.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Robert E. Palmer, acting as agent for the Vancouver Group Mining Co., F. M. C. No. 94420, intend sixty days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action under section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 18th day of November, 1897.

R. E. PALMER, P. L. S.

Ricardo Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: South side of Four Mile Creek adjoining the Zilor on the West.

TAKE NOTICE That I, Robert E. Palmer, acting as agent for the Vancouver Group Mining Co., F. M. C. No. 94420, intend sixty days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action under section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 18th day of November, 1897.

R. E. PALMER, P. L. S.

American Girl Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: Adjoining the Queen Bess claim on the east about two miles south of Three Forks.

TAKE NOTICE That I, Robert E. Palmer, acting as agent for Wm. Glynn, F. M. C. No. 85255, and James H. Moran, F. M. C. No. 83046, intend sixty days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action under section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 11th day of November, 1897

R. E. PALMER, P. L. S.

First Extension Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: Lying south of the Young Dominion claim on Howson Creek about two miles south of the Idaho Concentrator.

TAKE NOTICE That I, Robert E. Palmer, acting as agent for Wm. Glynn, free miner's certificate No. 85255, intend sixty days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action under section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 11th day of November, 1897.

R. E. PALMER. P.L.S

Midnight Fractional Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On Mt. Adams, adjoining the Adams and Britomarte two miles southwest of Sandon.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Robert E. Palmer, acting as agent for the Adams British Columbia Co. Ltd, free miner's certificate No. 6335 A, intend sixty days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action under section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 11th day of November, 1897.

R. E. PALMER, P.L.S.

Pelly Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On Four Mile Creek, near mouth of Granite Creek, adjoining the Mountain Boomer.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Robert E. Palmer, acting as agent for the Vancouver Group Mining Co., F. M. C. No. 94420 intend sixty days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action under section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 18th day of November, 1897.

R. E. PALMER, P. L. S.

Concord Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: Adjoining the Young Dominion on the north, about 1½ miles south of the Idaho concentrator.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Robert E. Palmer acting as agent for Jas. H. Moran, F. M. C. No. 83046, John A. Finch, F. M. C. No. 79534, Wm. Glynn, F. M. C. 85255, and Peter Larsen, F. M. C. No. 83717, intend sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements for the purpose of obtaining a crown grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action under section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 11th day of November, 1897.

R. E. PALMER, P.L.S.

Inverness Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division, West Kootenay District. Where located: On Red Mountain about two miles northwest from and about nine miles from the mouth of the North Fork of Carpenter Creek.

TAKE NOTICE, that I, Robert E. Palmer, of Sandon, acting as agent for John Brown, of Sandon, free miner's certificate No. 79108 intend, sixty days from date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements

Dated this 11th day of November, 1897.

R. E. PALMER, P. L. S.

Sapphire and Gem Mineral Claims.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: Adjoining the Lalla Rook and Minneapolis mineral claims on Payne Mountain.

TAKE NOTICE that I, John Hirsch, as agent for the Ramsdell Mining and Milling Co., free miner's certificate No. 7298 A, intend sixty days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining Crown grant of above claims.

And further take notice that action, under Section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 25th day of October, 1897.

JOHN HIRSCH.

Noonday, Grey Eagle, and Fourth of July Mineral Claims.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On the east slope of the valley of Cody creek, about three miles from Cody.

TAKE NOTICE, That I, J. B. Gray, acting as agent for Byron N. White, free miner's certificate No. 74,260, intend, 60 days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for Certificates of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining Crown Grant of above claims.

And further take notice that action under Sec. 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificates of Improvements.

Dated this 8th day of September 1897.

Chicago Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On top of divide between Sandon and Cody creeks and about one mile from mouth of Cody creek.

TAKE NOTICE, That I, A.R. Heyland, acting as agent for Alonzo D. Coplen, free miner's certificate No. 77,224, intend, 60 days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder, for a certificate of improvements for the purpose of obtaining a crown grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action under Sec. 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 28th day of September, 1897.

Gold Ring Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: About one mile from the Forks of Cariboo Creek and joining the Millie Mack mineral claim.

TAKE NOTICE that I, J. A. Kirk, acting as agent for H. C. Pollock, free miner's certificate No. 67,803, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 21st day of July, 1897.

J. A. KIRK.

Great Eastern Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: Adjoining the Madison and about 1½ miles southeast of Town of Sandon.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Robert E. Palmer of Sandon, acting as agent for Price Eaton Co., free miners' certificate No. 97435 intend 60 days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action under Section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

R. E. PALMER, P.L.S.

Dated this 16th day of September, 1897. se16

Cube Lode Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On top of divide between Sandon and Cody creeks and about one mile from mouth of Cody creek,

TAKE NOTICE, That I, A.R. Heyland, acting as agent for Alonzo D. Coplen, free miner's certificate No. 77,224, intend, 60 days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a crown grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action under Sec. 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 28th day of September, 1897.

L. 1855, Gr. 1.

Derby Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located:—On Carpenter Creek about half a mile above the town of Cody and adjoining the Chambers mineral claim.

TAKE NOTICE that I, John Hirsch, as agent for A. H. Buchanan, free miner's certificate No. 83,543, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the mining recorder for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a crown grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under Sec. 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 16th day of October, 1897.

JOHN HIRSCH.

L. 1853, Gr. 1.

Dunedin Mineral Claim.

Situated in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On Reco Hill and adjoining the Ruecan and Blue Bird Mineral Claims.

TAKE NOTICE that I, John Hirsch, as agent for James Marshall, F. M. C. 88878, Thomas Brown, F.M.C. 83451, and Duncan S. Forbes, F. M. C. 69176, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements

Dated this 15th day of October, 1897.

JOHN HIRSCH.

L. 1856, Gr. 1.

Lalla Rook Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: Adjoining the Carbonate King mineral claim on Payne Mountain.

TAKE NOTICE that I, John Hirsch, as agent for Edward Mahon, free miner's certificate No. 94537, intend 60 days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

And, further take notice, that action under Section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of said certificate of improvements.

Dated this, 25th day of October, 1897.

JOHN HIRSCH.

Ajax Fraction Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay district. Where located: On West Fork of Noble Five slide, 1000 feet from summit of R. E. Lee Mountain, a relocation of the Malboro, bounded on north by Starlight and Duluth on the south by Ajax and Crown Point, east by Treasure Vault, west by Rushford and Lee Fraction.

TAKE NOTICE, That I, E. J. Matthews, acting as agent for Wm. Braden, free miner's certificate No. 76,135, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 25th day of November, 1897.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that 90 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following parcel of land situated on the east side of Slocan Lake, Slocan Mining Division, West Kootenay District, commencing at the southwest post of A. M. Wilson's pre-emption, thence running north 40 chains, thence running west to the Nakusp & Slocan Railway right of way, thence running south along the line of the Nakusp & Slocan Railway right of way to the northwest corner of the townsite of Rosebery, thence east to the point of commencement, containing 80 acres, more or less.

Dated, Nov. 28th, 1897.

A. M. BEATTIE.

NOTICE

Sixty (60) days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described land: Commencing at S. Walker's northwest corner post, running north forty (40) chains, following the Columbia river, thence east eighty (80) chains, thence south forty (40) chains, thence west eighty (80) chains, and containing three hundred and twenty (320) acres of land, more or less.

ELLEN McDOUGALD.

Dated this 11th day of November, 1897.

KASLO & SLOCAN RY

TIME CARD

Subject to change without notice
Trains run on Pacific Standard Time.

Leave	8 00 A.M.	Kaslo	Arrive.	3 50	P.M
"	8 36 "	South Fork	"	3 15	"
"	9 36 "	Sproule's	"	2 15	"
"	9 51 "	Whitewater	"	2 00	"
"	10 03 "	Bear Lake	"	1 48	"
"	10 18 "	McGuigan	"	1 33	"
"	10 28 "	Cody Junction	"	1 42	"
Arr.	10 50 "	Sandon	Leave	1 00	"

CODY LINE.

Leave	11.00 a.m.	Sandon	Arrive	11.55	a.m.
"	11.25 "	Cody	"	11.20	"

ROBT. IRVING,
Traffic Mngr.

GEO F. COPELAND,
Superintendent.

For cheap railroad and steamship tickets to and from all points, apply to

S. CAMPBELL, Agent, Sandon.

6 PASSENGER 6 TRAINS

EACH DAY. EACH DAY

- Between -

Trail and Rossland

On the

Columbian & Western R'y

Run Made in one Hour.

No. 6 Leaves Rossland at 7 a.m.; Connects in the morning with Steamer at Trail.

No. 3 Leaves Trail at 8:15 a.m.; Connects at Rossland with Red Mountain train for Spokane.

No. 2 Leaves Rossland at 11:00 a.m.

No. 1 Leaves Trail at 12:30 p.m.; Connects with C.P.R. main line Steames from the north at Trail.

No. 4 Leaves Rossland at 3:00 p.m.; Connects with C.P.R. main line Steamers for the north of Trail.

No. 5 Leaves Trail at 5:45 p.m.; Connects with Steamer Lytton at Trail.

F. P. GUTELIUS, Gen'l Supt.

Trail, B.C., June 4, 1897.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The Quickest and Cheapest Route East or West.

Steamer leaves Nakusp every morning, making close connection at Revelstoke with trains or all points East or West.

Before you travel get information from C.P.R. Agents as to time and rates. It will save you money Apply to nearest Railway Agent or to

H. DOUGLAS, Agent.

H. M. MacGREGOR, Trav. Pass Agt, Nelson, or to E. J. Coyle, Dist. Pass. Agt, Vancouver, B. C.

Spokane Falls & Northern

Nelson & Ft. Sheppard

Red Mountain RAILWAYS

The only all rail route without change of cars between Nelson and Rossland and Spokane and Rossland.

Only Route to Trail Creek and Mineral District of the Colville Reservation, Nelson, Kaslo, Kootenay Lake and Slocan Points.

Daily, Except Sunday.

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.
9:20 a.m.	NELSON	5:35 p.m
12:00 "	ROSSLAND	2:50 "
8:00 a.m.	SPOKANE	6:40 p.m

Close connection with Steamers for Kaslo and all Kootenay lake points.

Passengers for Kettle River and Boundary Creek connect at Marcus with stage daily.

INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION & TRADING CO., LTD.

Strs International and Alberta

On Kootenay Lake and River.

Time Card in Effect Oct. 1st, 1897. Daily Except Sunday. Subject to Change without notice Close connection at Five Mile Point with all passenger trains of the N. & F.S.R.R. to and from Northport, Rossland and Spokane.

Through tickets sold at Lowest Rates and Baggage checked to all United States Points.

Lv. Kaslo for Nelson and way points. 5:45 a.m Ar. Northport 12:15 p.m.; Rossland 3:40 p m.; Spokane, 6 p.m.

Lv. Nelson for Kaslo and way points, 4.45 p.m. Lv. Spokane 8 a.m.; Rossland, 10:20 a.m.; Northport, 1:50 a.m.

BONNER'S FERRY AND KOOTENAY RIVER SERVICE.

The Alberta awaits the arrival of the International before leaving for Bonner's Ferry.

Lv. Kaslo, Sat., 4.00 p.m; Ar. Boundary, Sun. midnight; Ar. Bonner's Ferry, Sun., 10.30 a.m. Lv Bonner's Ferry, Sun., 1 p.m.; Ar. Boundary, Sun., 5 p.m.; Ar. Kaslo, Sun., 10 p.m.

Close connection at Bonner's Ferry with trains East bound, leaving Spokane 7.40 a.m., and West bound, arriving Spokane 7 p.m.

The last trip this season on the Bonner's Ferry route will be on the 5th and 7th November after which date the Bonner's Ferry service will be discontinued.

GEORGE ALEXANDER, Gen'l Mgr

Head Office at Kaslo, B.C.

Kaslo, B C., Oct. 1, 1897

Atlantic Steamship Lines.

From Montreal

California, Allan Line
Parisian, "
Carthaginian "
Labrador, Dominion Line
Vancouver, "

From New York

Umbria, Cunard Line
Etruria "
Campania, "
Majestic, White Star Line
Teutonic "
St. Paul, American Line
St. Louis, "
State of Nebraska, Allan State Line
Southwark, Red Star Line
Noordland, "

Cabin £5, £5, £6, £7 50 and upwards.
Intermediate £3 and upwards.
Steerage £25 50 and upwards.

Passengers Ticketed through to all places in Great Britain or Ireland, and at Specially low rates to all points of the European Continent.

Prepaid Passage arranged for in all points.

Apply to A. C. McARTHUR, C.P.R. Agent Sandon, or

WILLIAM STITT,
Gen'l Agt.
C.P.R. Building, Winnipeg

MINING RECORDS.

The following is a complete list of the mining transactions recorded during the week in the several mining divisions of the Slocan. Those of New Denver were as follows:—

ASSESSMENTS.

DEC 22—Gentle Annie, Century Fraction, Reliance, Elazhar Fraction.

DEC 27—Yuma Fraction, Aurora No 2. Aurora Fraction, Bostock No 2.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

DEC 27—Yuma Fraction, Aurora No 2 Aurora Fraction, Suburban Fraction, Wyoming, Yuma, Night Hawk Fraction.

TRANSFERS.

DEC 23—Tiptop, Maggie and Nellie, all interest of Anthony D McGinty taken in execution by sheriff.

Golden Cup ½, Archie A McDonald to A T T R Blackwood, Oct 11.

DEC 28—Home Run ½, N K Franklin to Chas W Greenlee, Oct 11, $5.

Same, Harold Selons to same, Oct 30.

Emily Edith Fraction, Iron Clad, Eagle and Eagle Fraction 1/5 in each, and Emily Edith ½, Patrick Dalp to Mary E Rammelweyer, agreement to sell for $2,500, Nov 3.

Silver Standard, Giant, Emily Edith, W H R, Jas Bowes to Mary E Rammelmeyer, agreement to sell all interest for $2,500, Nov 3.

Dorthy, A B Railton to The Ruth No 2 Mining Co, Dec 23, $5,000.

Jo Jo, Alice Trenery to Wm Hunter, Dec 23.

SLOCAN CITY DIVISION.

TRANSFERS.

DEC 17—Jenny Long ¼, Mary McKay to A T R Blackwood

Scotia, Wm Wilcox to Wm Clough.

DEC 21—Emipress Fraction ¼, Alma Kirkwood to R J Kirkwood.

DEC 22—Sundown Fraction 1/6, Herbert Bunting and Wm Scott to Wm White.

AINSWORTH DIVISION.

LOCATIONS.

DEC 18—Murray Creek, A McC Banting; Red Brick, same.

DEC 21—R & D, L Field; Ionic, Chas M Field.

ASSESSMENTS.

DEC 21—Luther, J Henry.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

DEC 20—Colorado.

TRANSFERS.

DEC 40—Slocan Chief No 10, Kootenay Queen notice of lien by Bert Pearson.

Montezuma Fraction, Montezuma No 2, Vera Cruz No 2, Buena Vesta No 1, M McMicken, L L Patrick, EtC Hughes, E Roche to Kaslo Montezuma Mining and Milling Co.

Afton and Lucky 3, L L Patrick to same.

DEC 21—Imperial Cheese, Oscar Larn to H Cuthbert.

Water Eall, A H Jarnagin to same.

Hidden Treasure and Easter, argeement between same.

Toronto Boy ¾, Corinthian and R F all, W A Merkley to Chas M Field.

DEC 22—Carson ¾, W H Carson to Thos Wall. Carson ¼, same to Carl Nelson.

DEC 33—High Bluff 3/16, Walter Cleagh to H W Chapman.

Tony 3/16, same to same.

NEWS IN PLACE

A ball will be given this evening on board the Steamer Kootenay, at Arrowhead.

Miss Give, a female mining expert has arrived at Grand Forks direct from Europe.

The New Denver school will open next Monday with E. Strickland as teacher.

Harry Bourne and wife, of Revelstoke, spent Xmas with Frank Bourne and family.

A Kansas City man whose name is Ananias bears a very good reputation for truthfulness.

Captain Armstrong, of Golden, and Jim Wardner, of everywhere, will operate a line of steamers on Teslin lake next summer.

The Millward orchestra is receiving many words of praise for the excellent music rendered at the masked ball and social entertainments.

Palma Angrignon gave the ladies of New Denver a sleigh ride to Silverton on Sunday. Over 60 ladies enjoyed the trip without a man to talk to except the drivers.

Kentucky colonels will not overlook the moral in the case of the St. Louis man who is turning to stone as the result of having drunk too freely of spring water.

Divine service in the Presbyterian church next Sunday, Jan. 2, at 7:15 p.m. Subject: "Good Resolutions, How Formed and How Broken." W. J. Booth, preacher. Everybody welcome.

Services will be held in the Methodist church on Sunday next, January 2nd, as follows: Morning at 11, "The battle is not yours but God's." Evening at 7:15, "God or Baal which." Preacher, R. N. Powell. Spend the first Sunday of the New Year at Church. Everybody welcome.

Work on the shaft on the Galena Farm mine has been abandoned for the present, and the force of men put to work in the old workings where a very fine showing of galena is being developed. It is the intention to follow the ore chute. At last accounts the face of the ore vein was 16 inches.

The Christmas tree services held last Thursday evening in the Methndist church was well attended and greatly enjoyed. The children's exercises were well rendered. Another Xmas tree will be held in the Presbyterian church New Year's night. A short program will be given and presents provided for all children present.

They don't know much in Chicago about Vancouver and British Columbia. In reporting the evidence in the assault case of F. Jacob Erb, "the 16-year-old foot-pad," the Chicago papers make the boy say: "I worked on de Pacific coas' mostly; wus on de Empress of Japan for t'ree years as cabin boy and firin'. She run from Seattle to 'Frisco. and den acrost de ocean to China."

At the annual meeting of the Sunday School Monday night the old officers were elected and teachers chosen. The report of the secretary-treasurer showed most encouraging gains during the year. The average attendance was 26: more than $50 was collected and expended for literature in connection with the school, and there was in the treasury something over $16.

Engineer Perry will take charge of construction of the proposed C.P.R. branch into Rossland. He will be relieved of the finishing work on the Slocan crossing road early in January. There is a great amount of work mapped out for the coming summer by this great railroad company.

Rev. Robins spent a few days in town this week from Trout Lake City where he is now stationed.

A good Xmas trade is reported by the business houses, despite the fact that this has been the quietest Xmas known for years in New Denver.

Mr. Meldrum, of Wm. Meldrum & Co., will leave in a few days for Calgary, where he is called by the head of the concern in anticipation of the great Klondike trade in the spring. The branch store here was bought by McLachlan & McKay, who will continue the business.

The supper to be given New Year's Eve by the Fatman's Club, promises to surpass any effort of previous years. The members have, by common consent, raised the weight of eligibility from 116 to 116½ pounds, for this occasion only. After the supper and its affects are over the weight of eligibility will be lowered to 110 pounds—possibly lower.

NEWS HERE AND THERE.

The River Thames police force, in London, consists of 200 men.

A ton of soot results from the burning of 100 tons of coal.

Snake's liver is said to taste very like good ptarmigan.

Horses succumb to cold quicker than any other animal.

Postage stamps are gummed with a starch made from potatoes.

A single salmon produces something like twenty millions of eggs.

Some insects are in a state of maturity half an hour after birth.

During a most violent gale waves are not more than 45 feet in height.

It is said that the aliens in New York actually outnumber the Americans.

Fully one-third of the female population of France labor on farms.

Only eight per cent. of Russia's enormous population can read and write.

Olives.

The olive is one of the oldest trees mentioned in history. The ancients had almost a religious regard for it, and its branches early became the emblem of peace and good will. In this age it is valued chiefly for its oil. In Southern Europe, where it is extensively grown, the fruit, which is a small green oval, is gathered when rare-ripe and spread for several days to dry and ferment. It is then crushed in a mill, the stones being so adjusted as to avoid breaking the stone of the fruit. It is then put into coarse bags and the oil is expressed by a screw press. The crushed mass is ground a second and sometimes a third time, to obtain lower grades of oil. Besides its very extensive use as food, the oil is valuable for its medicinal qualities and for cutaneous application. The refuse, after the oil is extracted, is used to fatten hogs, and as a fertilizer. The green fruit, pickled in salt water and spiced, is esteemed by many as a relish.

The Time For Improvement.

While a porter was unloading a railway van, the door swung back, giving him a deep gash in the head. "I have got my head split open," he said to an Irishman, who was standing near. "Bedad, and now's the proper time to put something into it, my bhoy," said Paddy.

Mrs. Dewtell—It aggravates me orful tew hear people lie.

Mr. Dewtell—What's ther matter neow?

Mrs. Dewtell—Why, ol' Cy Prime wuz talkin' terday 'bout "our furrin' relations," when I know puffeckly well there hadn't never been a Prime thet didn't live in Podunk."

"Is anything wrong with your egg, Mr. Gruff?" asked the landlady of the boardinghouse.

"No, madam, nothing at all," was the reply; "but isn't it just a little small for its age?"

The wickedest man has been found. He lives in Mississippi, and the local paper bewails the fact in this way; "Some fiend incarnate, with the roaring furnaces of hell staring him in the face, entered the residence of John Jones Saturday night and stole the Presbyterian Sunday school collection."

Some people save all their sympathy until a man is dead; then they make his grave sloppy with their tears.

Old benevolent gentleman (to little boy whom he has met upon the beach)—What will you do my little man, if I give you my blessing and a kiss?

Little boy—I'll smash you on the snoot.

Air Tight Heaters and Box Stoves at Bourne Bros. The largest stock and lowest prices in the Slocan.

Lady (as a blood-curdling war-whoop is heard from the kitchen)—What is happening, Walters?

Maid—That is Dinah. She always yells that way, ma'am, when she succeeds in turning the omelette without letting it drop on the floor. She's the daughter of a Zula chief.

Furnish elegantly and cheap, Parlor sets in rugs and plush. New designs in fancy chairs, couches, etc. At lowest prices at Crowley's New Denver. Endless variety of Pillows, Beds and Mattresses.

For four-bits you can purchase 100 ancient newspapers at this office.

A Lucky Draw.

It is a story illustrative of luck. Banker Ralston, Lucky Baldwin, Senator Sharon and an Englishman sat in the same game. The betting before the draw was heavy. All fell out but the banker and Baldwin. The latter sized his opponent up for three aces and was almost convinced that the banker had him beat. Baldwin hesitated whether he should take two cards or one. He finally drew one, and had gone in with three queens. Ralston had three aces, as the latter supposed. Baldwin took up his hand after the draw and skinned the cards in an anxiety he had never felt before. He had drawn the queen of spades, a woman's face that he thought never looked so sweet in all the course of of his life, as he characterised it.

There was $22,000 in the pot. Ralston had drawn a pair of jacks, making an ace full. His face betrayed his luck. Baldwin meditated, hesitated, coughed and squeezed his cards from time to time. It was a critical moment. There was a big stake. He knew he had the banker beaten. The other members about the table watched every movement of the two players with intense interest. After a thought, Ralston threw in a white chip—$10. It was a small bet. Baldwin then nervously bet $30,000. Ralston at first started to raise the bet as much more, but hesitated and finally called the $30,000. It was Baldwin's four queens to Ralston's ace full. Baldwin says that was the luckiest draw he ever made, and it was a one-card draw at that.—Philadelphia Times.

The Tallest Man.

The tallest man in the world is "Bud" Rogan, a negro, who lives at Gallatin, Tenn. When standing erect, which he only does with great difficulty, he is eight feet and four inches tall. He is unable to walk, and goes about town in a little home-made cart drawn by two white goats. He is present at the arrival of all trains, and he gains a livelihood from the charity of the strangers who gather about to question him.

Aside from being over eight feet tall, Bud has a reach with each arm extended of ninety-six inches—the greatest in the world, and twenty-one inches more than Fitzsimons. His hands are each thirteen and one-half inches in length, and his finger-nails are about the size of a twenty-five cent piece.

He is almost a skeleton, yet he weighs 156 pounds. But the most peculiar and attractive feature about him are his feet. They are each about eighteen inches long and as large around as an ordinary man's leg. No shoes have ever been found that he could put on, and in consequence he has to keep them wrapped in a blanket in cold weather.

Just Bailiffs.

A traveler arrived at a forlorn-looking country inn one day and called for chicken. "Haven't any, sir," said the waiter. "Bring me soup." "None, sir." "Well, mutton and potatoes." "We have no eatables." "Then bring me something to drink." "We have no spirits." "In the name of wonder then, what have you?" "Nothing, sir, today but bailiffs," replied the waiter.

MEN WANTED—To rent well-furnished room or cabins newly built. Save hotel fare and have a comfortable house for only $6 a month. Apply to Thompson, Mitchell & Co.

Give us a Call

if you want a Stylish Suit, a Nobby Tie, or a First-class Hat.

A fine line of Ladies & Gents' Rubbers and Overshoes always on hand. We have also a complete stock of Ladies' Capes, Jackets, McIntoshes and Dry Goods.

McLachlan & McKay,
New Denver.

Many were sold

Our Xmas trade, while not half what it will be next year, was quite as good as we could reasonably expect. As a result our stock of Fancy Chairs, Rockers, etc is not so complete as it was; yet we have a good selection and solicit your attention if you are looking for anything in our line. . . . . .

Our stock of Bedroom Furniture is especially nice. Are you in need of anything in this line? Our Xmas trade being over we are now able to fill orders for Picture Framing and Repairing more promptly.

WALKER BROS. & BAKER,
New Furniture Dealers and Repairers
Denver's Undertakers and Embalmers.
N. B.—We have the only practical Undertaker and Embalmer doing business in the Slocan.

Xmas Goods

Come to the well-known little store and buy your Xmas presents.

Plenty of Toys and Dolls for the Children; Silverware, Watches, Diamond Rings, etc. etc

My stock of Hats, Ribbons, Hosiery and Ladies' Goods will be sold at greatly reduced prices for 30 days.

MRS. J. H. WERELEY,
Josephine St.

Parson's Produce Company

Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Wholesale dealers in Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Apples, Poultry and Cured Meats.

The largest handlers of these goods in Western Canada. All warehouses under perfect system of cold storage. Full stock carried at Nelson, B. C. For prices write or wire

P. J. RUSSELL:
Manager of Nelson Branch Parson's Produce Company

SANDON, B. C., Oct. 21, 1897.

To all whom it may Concern:

This is to certify that as I am removing from Town, G. W. GRIMMETT, Watchmaker and Jeweler, of Sandon has purchased my business.

I beg to thank my numerous customers for their patronage in the past and I hereby respectfully request that they will give their patronage in the future to MR. GRIMMETT.

W. HALLER,
Watchmaker and Jeweler.

Slocan Hospital
NEW DENVER, B.C.

An office of the Slocan Hospital has been opened at Sandon under the medical superintendence of DR. P. H. POWERS. Subscribers on presentation of their orders or tickets at the Sandon office will receive medical or surgical treatment and the necessary medicines free of charge.

All serious cases will be admitted to the Hospital for treatment.

Miners in regular employ, subscribing through their payroll, can secure all the privileges of the above.

For further information apply to—
J. E. BROUSE, M.D.,
New Denver, B.C.

F. W. GROVES,
CIVIL and MINING ENGINEER,
Provincial Land Surveyor.

Underground Surveys. Surface and Aerial Tramways. Mineral claims surveyed and reported upon. Kaslo, B.C

THE SILVERTON MINER'S UNION
No. 71.
W. F. M.
Meets every Saturday night.
C. McNICHOLLS, President
CHAS. BRAND, Secretary.

Black's Hotel
Sandon; B. C.

Has Steam Heat, Electric Light and every convenience for the comfort of guests. The house is . . . . .

First-class in every respect

and has few equals in the mountains of the West. The rates are

$2.50 TO $4.00 a day

Its Central Location and proximity to all railroad depots make it the headquarters for . . . . . .

Mining and Commercial Men

during their visits to the silver metropolis of Canada.

IRA W. BLACK,
PROPRIETOR.

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